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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

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A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

"All the Lord gives us is opportunity; we are to do the rest."
LAWSON VALENTINE.

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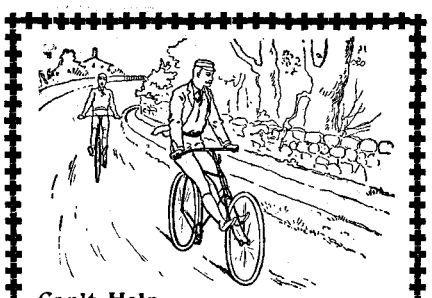

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The Outlook

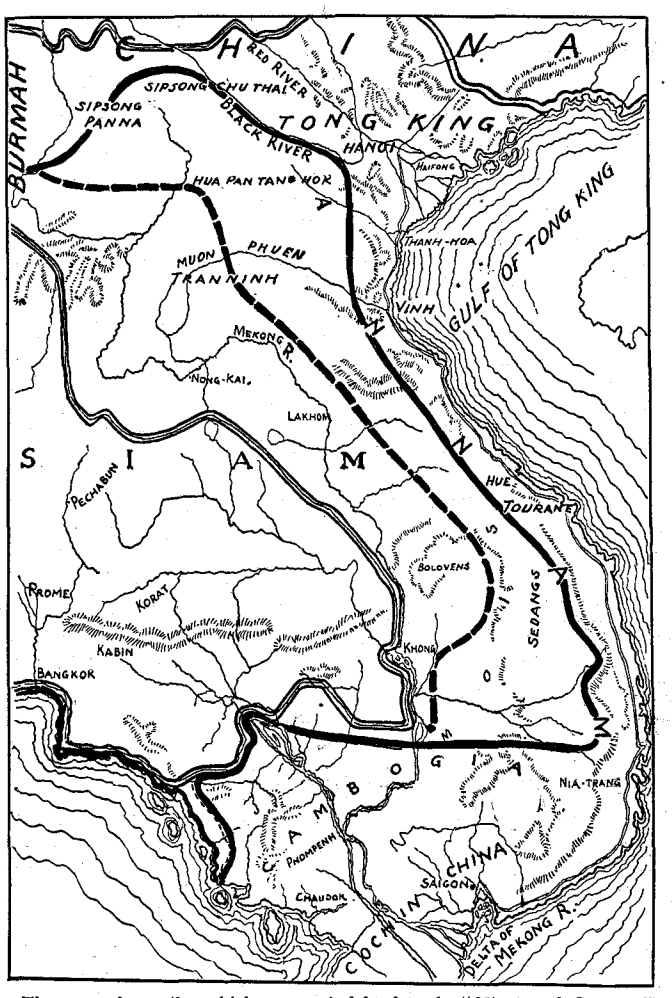
A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 29 July, 1893 Number 5

The Week

TO the French the question at issue with Siam is simply a matter of aggrandizement; to the readers of The Outlook it is largely a matter of geography, and rather obscure and uninteresting geography at that. It is impossible to understand the French demands and the French situation without consulting the map which we print herewith, and which, with a little study, will show the points at issue between the two countries. It is primarily a question of territory, and ultimately a question of the extension of commercial rights and sovereignty. The French control Cambodia and Annam, and they wish also to control the Mekong River, which, as was pointed out in these columns last week, is the great waterway to the rich southwestern provinces of China, and the control of which would place in French hands a practical monopoly of the trade of Siam. For some time past French gunboats and French marines have been making predatory excursions in Siam, and the Siamese have naturally resented these aggressions, and in several cases have ventured to resist them to the extent of taking a French officer captive and killing a number of French soldiers and officials. For these offenses France now demands indemnity from Siam, as if her own hands were clean; although she has been, it is probable, in every case the aggressor, and the aggressor for the express purpose of making an opportunity to impose terms upon Siam. These terms take the form, diplomatically, of a revival of old claims with regard to the boundary lines of Annam and Cambodia. A glance at the map will show the established boundary line, and the line which the French claim, which practically includes the entire east bank of the Mekong River, and embraces a territory of nearly one hundred thousand square miles.



The map above (for which we are indebted to the "Nineteenth Century") will give the reader the relative positions of Siam, Annam, China, and Burmah, together with the course of the Mekong River running through the disputed territory. The heavy line shows the frontier between Annam and Siam as drawn on the Siamese Government map of 1887; the broken line, the frontier between Annam and Siam as drawn by F. Garnier (1866-8); the two parallel lines, a hypothetical frontier as drawn on a French map by F. Schraeder (1892).

Last week an ultimatum was sent by France to the Government of Siam, the demands of which may be summarized as follows:

A recognition of the rights of Annam and Cambodia on the left or western bank of the Mekong River.

The evacuation of the forts held there by the Siamese within a month.

Full satisfaction for various aggressions against French ships and French sailors on the Meinam River.

The punishment of the culprits and provision for the pecuniary indemnity of the victims.

An indemnity of 2,000,000 francs for various damages sustained by French subjects.

The immediate deposit of 3,000,000 francs to guarantee the payment of the fourth and fifth claims, or the assignment of the taxes in certain districts in lieu of the deposit of 3,000,000 francs.

To this ultimatum the Siamese Government replied on Sunday evening, expressing regret that no precise definition of the exact claims with reference to the boundary lines of Annam and Cambodia had been given, and declaring that Siam is willing to abandon all the territories over which the existence of these rights may be proved; that five months ago the Siamese proposed to submit all questions to international arbitration; that it now consents to a delineation of the frontiers between Siam and Cambodia, and that all the territory on the left bank of the Mekong River down to the eighteenth parallel of latitude will be regarded as Annamite and Cambodian territory, the river below the point indicated becoming the line of separation between the neighboring States as far as to the point at which the river enters Cambodian territory. Siam also expresses regret for the losses experienced on both sides, and offers reparation, both personal and financial, agreeing, among other things, to hand over to the Government of France the sum of 2,000,000 francs for the benefit of those who have suffered losses. It appears from the correspondence that the Siamese Gov-

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ernment offers the territory down to the eighteenth parallel of latitude, while the French demand the twenty-third parallel as the northern boundary. Siam offers, therefore, about one-half the territory claimed by France.

❀

As a matter of fact, the claim to this territory, based on the boundary lines of Annam and Cambodia, is a mere diplomatic subterfuge. The French want the territory and they mean to have it, and the steps they are now taking are merely the decent civilities which precede the seizure of territory in the East by the Great Powers. The motive of France is commercial, and therefore purely selfish; but not more so than the motives which have actuated England, Russia, Germany, and Italy in dealings with the Orient or with Africa. Siam is an independent kingdom, a fourth larger in area than France, and her people, although by no means on a level with the French in military equipment and training, are brave and patriotic. They will not submit to the French claims without a struggle. The French fleet is anchored off the capital, Bangkok, a city of a million inhabitants, about 800,000 of whom are Siamese and 200,000 Chinese, with a small number of Europeans. The rainy season has begun, and will last until September, and the lower part of Siam will be turned into a very unhealthy marsh. The Meinam River, which is described as resembling a crooked S, is difficult to navigate, and can easily be barred. The French naval force, under command of Rear-Admiral Humann, comprises eight vessels, and the blockade of the Siamese coast has been declared. It is said, although the report has not been confirmed, that Russia has signified her intention of supporting the French claims, and that China has taken the same position. There is a good deal of interest in the questions at issue in England, where, for the time being, Home Rule has ceased to be the foremost subject of talk. Although Lord Rosebery has not yet stated the attitude of the English Government, it is believed that his policy, while it will be moderate, will be firm against French aggressions.

❀

It would seem as if the coming of hot weather were invariably followed by the outbreak of revolutions in the South American States. This year the number of rebellions is greater than usual, and so rapid are the turns of the political kaleidoscope that it is difficult at this distance to follow the revolutions and counter-revolutions, and to judge intelligently whether they represent serious aspirations of the peoples or merely—as is only too often the case—the clash of personal ambitions. The Brazilian rebellion reported last week seems to have entirely collapsed; Admiral Wandenkolk has been captured at sea without resistance, and the land forces of the insurgents are reported as having been driven into Uruguay and disarmed. Yet another account declares that the insurgents have fought and won a battle. In Nicaragua a counter-revolution has overthrown the Government set up after the defeat and flight of Sacasa. The new Government is headed by President Zavala, and it is reported by Mr. Baker, the United States Minister, that three-fourths of the Nicaraguan people are supporting Zavala. A United States war-ship, the Alliance, has been ordered to the port of Corinto, near Leon, where the danger of fighting occurring is greatest. Revolutionary movements are also reported or feared in Honduras, Salvador, and Peru, while the Argentine Republic is once more in the throes of a financial crisis, the outcome of which is very likely to be the resignation of President Pena.

❀

During the past week a number of Western banks have suspended, the center of disturbance being the city of Milwaukee. Securities of all kinds still show a downward tendency. Denver, as the center of the silver-producing district, has felt the crisis more acutely than any other place. It is a noticeable feature of this crisis, however, that banks which suspend resume again after a few days. As a matter of fact, aside from the uncertainty about the currency, the condition of the country is unquestionably sound. Merchants have not over-traded, credits have not been unduly extended, railroads are doing a phenomenally large business, and, with the exception of the inevitable disturbance caused by uncertainty with regard to the revision of the tariff and very much exaggerated by other conditions now prevailing, there is no reason, in the nature of things, why the country should be going through the present financial distress. A hopeful feature of the situation is the absence of excitement and the determination to keep cool, and to eliminate, so far as possible, the element of disaster which always lurks in fear. The banks are standing together and aiding their customers. The wild utterances of some of the extreme silver men in Colorado have called out protests from the sober-minded people of that State, one of which we print this week, from the editor of the Colorado Springs "Gazette." No State in the Union has a more enterprising population than Colorado, and no State greater natural resources. It ought not to be misrepresented by the hysterical shrieks of a few self-chosen orators, nor ought it to suffer from misrepresentation which bases its whole prosperity on the production of silver. Bimetallism has no worse enemies than such men as Governor Waite.

❀

In Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, who died last week at Springfield, Mass., the city of New York has lost one of its most practical and far-seeing benefactors. The Trades Schools which he founded twelve years ago, and over which he exercised the most minute and constant care, have grown from a membership of thirty pupils to the point of graduating over five hundred pupils a year. These graduates were fully trained in the science and practice of the trades, and it was a prominent feature of the founder's system that the trades should be learned "thoroughly, expeditiously, and economically, leaving speed of execution to be acquired after leaving the school." Carpentry, brick-laying, stone-cutting, plumbing, plastering, painting, and type-setting were the chief industries taught. It was, we believe, in great measure an inspection of the methods and results of the Trades Schools that led Mr. Charles Pratt to turn into its present form his splendid gift to Brooklyn known as Pratt Institute. Colonel Auchmuty and his wife put up the buildings now occupied by the Trades Schools, paying $70,000 for land and buildings, and in 1889 they endowed the institution with a fund of $160,000, which was very soon swelled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan's munificent gift of half a million of dollars. The idea which underlay the work is to be found in Colonel Auchmuty's belief that with the dying out of the old apprentice system American boys were being practically excluded from the trades. He asserted that the unions readily admitted foreign workmen, without too close scrutiny of their capacity, but continually discriminated against American-born boys. Hence, he held, an unreasonably large number of our boys were growing up idle and vicious, while the country itself suffered as a Nation because the class of self-respecting, industrious, native, skilled workingmen was being diminished. Naturally, Colonel Auchmuty encountered a great deal of opposition from the trades-unions, but this has to some degree decreased in late years. Even these opponents admit that the many houses built, fitted,

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and finished by graduates of the Trades Schools, working without outside help, are among the very best specimens of the builder's and mechanic's arts to be seen in New York. Personally, Colonel Auchmuty was a man of retiring disposition, always inclined to keep himself in the background of his work, but deeply enthusiastic in that work. He was an architect, but left this profession at the outbreaking of the Civil War, during which he served as Assistant Adjutant-General in the field and also in the War Department in an official capacity.

❀

An article which bears extraordinary testimony to what women can accomplish by united effort and enthusiasm is that of Julian Ralph in the July issue of "Harper's," entitled "Chicago's Gentle Side." It is in the main a history of the Chicago Woman's Club, "the mother of woman's public work in that city," as Mr. Ralph calls it. The club has five hundred members and six great divisions, called the Committees on Reform, Philanthropy, Education, Home, Art and Literature, Science and Philosophy. Each woman, on becoming a member of the Club, makes a choice of work in one of these divisions. The membership includes every possible type, from the woman of fashionable society, such as Mrs. Potter Palmer, to the woman of devotion to reform, such as Frances Willard, or the woman of proved business capacity, such as Ada C. Sweet, disbursing pension officer at Chicago under four Presidents. To the fact that its membership is thus representative of all possible interests among women the Club undoubtedly owes in large degree its unique success. At first the Home Committee, dealing with the rearing of children, domestic service, and decorative art, took precedence. But "Chicago ladies having been papered to death," as one member put it, the Reform Committee came to the front. The County Insane Asylum, where investigation proved that hundreds of women were deprived of sufficient food and clothing and of proper treatment—owing, of course, to the spoils system—was first attacked. The County Commissioners were asked to appoint a woman physician, and yielded, under pressure. She at once reformed flagrant abuses, and gradually introduced civilized methods of treatment. As a result, three other State insane asylums in Illinois now have woman physicians also. The Club next turned its attention to the Poorhouse and reformed that. To the opposition of the politicians the Club said: "Half of your inmates are women. As women we insist on knowing how you are discharging your trust in caring for them." That argument was unanswerable.

❀

Perhaps as novel a reform as any is the establishment of a "Woman's Advisory Board of Police," consisting of ten women appointed by the Chief of Police, who are in charge of the quarters of all women and children prisoners, and of the station-house matrons. The chief matron, Mrs. Jane Logan, has an office in a down-town station, where are sent the worst prisoners, as well as friendless girls and waifs. Mrs. Logan maintains an annex, sweet, clean, and homelike, where she receives "first offenders" and others who she thinks can be saved. She herself accompanies young girls to court, and intercedes with the Justice for their release. "In all cases in which women complain of abuse by the police or others," writes Mr. Ralph, "Mrs. Logan sits on the Police Trial Board, 'to show the unfortunate woman that she has a friend.'" This work is admirably supplemented by the Protective Agency, which "protects women and children in all their rights of property and person, gives them legal advice, recovers wages for servants, sewing-women, and shop-girls, finds guardians for defenseless children, procures divorces for women abused or neglected, and protects the mothers' right to their children. It has obtained heavy sentences against men in cases of outrage—so very heavy that this crime is seldom committed." A mere catalogue of what has been accomplished directly or indirectly through the activity of the Club, or of its individual members backed by its strong influence, includes: The appointment of a night matron for the County Jail—"the county officials granting an appropriation for her salary conditionally upon the nomination for the place being made by the Woman's Club;" the raising of a fund to establish the Illinois Manual Training School; the procuring from the Legislature of a compulsory education statute, and of another raising "the age of consent;" the starting of a movement which has resulted in building a special hospital for contagious diseases; the raising of over $150,000 for a Woman's Building—a dormitory for women—at the University of Chicago; the establishing of Hull House on the plan of Toynbee Hall; the starting of a Municipal Reform League to see to it personally that contractors clean the streets and remove the garbage. The Chicago Woman's Club has achieved these notable successes because all its members share in an intense local pride, and because they seek and secure the co-operation of fathers, husbands, and brothers, and the indorsement of the press.

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Archbishop Whately, commenting on the way in which a good many ecclesiastics treat scientific truth, said that first the preachers say it is absurd; then they say that it contradicts the Bible; finally they say they always believed it. The "Nation" is reminded of this pungent comment by the success which has attended Professor Drummond's lectures on Evolution in this country, and especially at Chautauqua. Not many years ago the doctrine of evolution was held by many religious people to be nothing short of a new form of atheism, and men who showed even a slight interest in it were regarded as betraying a dangerous leaning toward infidelity. Now the same doctrine is held by hosts of religious people whose fundamental orthodoxy is beyond all question. Last winter Professor Drummond, who follows the evolutionary theory uncompromisingly, addressed crowded audiences, made up of many of the most conservative people in Boston, and statements which twenty years ago would have fallen upon hostile ears were not only listened to with the deepest attention, but were heartily applauded. The same lecturer has now been saying the same things at Chautauqua before audiences of church people, in an atmosphere which, although open to many currents of thought, is essentially conservative. There have been, it is true, some protests against Professor Drummond's views, but these protests have come, apparently, from a very small minority. The significant fact in the situation is that a man identified with orthodox Christianity, and accepted as one of its freshest and most convincing teachers, holds the doctrine of evolution without bringing suspicion upon himself or disturbing the security of others. Thoughtful people have found out that evolution is a question of method, and that, in the hands of God, one method may be as divine as another. The lesson ought not to be forgotten.

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General News.—Cholera has appeared in Naples; three or four deaths a day are reported; the disease was probably brought in by vessels coming from the East; the physician representing our Surgeon-General in Naples

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telegraphs that he thinks there is little danger of the disease spreading.——The evidence taken by the court martial now examining into the causes of the Victoria disaster is strongly to the effect that the blunder was Admiral Tryon's; witnesses declared that Admiral Tryon himself declared that the collision was all his fault before the vessel sank.——The coroner's jury which investigated the loss of life at the burning of the Cold Storage Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, brought in a verdict charging with criminal negligence Mr. Burnham, the Director of Works of the World's Fair; Fire Marshal Edward Murphy, and President J. B. Skinner and Secretary Charles A. McDonald, of the company which owned the building; Chicago papers state that the investigation was far from thorough.——An Indian prince, his Highness the Rajah Rajagan, of the province of Kapurthala, has arrived in New York on his way to visit the World's Fair.——Street Commissioner Thomas S. Brennan, of New York City, whose conduct in office has been severely criticised, has resigned, and Excise Commissioner W. S. Andrews has been appointed in his place.——The will of the late Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, leaves to trustees the sum of one million dollars for the erection and maintenance of an art gallery, museum, or other public institution, to be placed near Drexel Institute.——The Chicago World's Fair was closed last Sunday.

A Step Backward

With sorrow and indignation we learn that the Prudential Committee of the American Board has reconsidered the vote which it took April 11, whereby the Rev. William H. Noyes was appointed a missionary in Japan. The correspondence and action of the Committee are described on another page. The action of the Committee in appointing Mr. Noyes gave great satisfaction to all friends of the Board and of the cause of missions. It was regarded as a recognition that a man who had been unreasonably distrusted by the Committee at home had proved himself by his service abroad to be worthy of confidence and honor. In the correspondence from which we make selections elsewhere three facts are clear. First, the resolution of the Committee making the appointment is unconditional except in regard to certain minor details concerning the transfer of Mr. Noyes from the Berkeley Temple Mission to the American Board; secondly, Mr. Noyes unqualifiedly accepted the appointment, subject to the arrangement of similar details; and, third, the Committee had no more facts before it when its action was taken in July than in April. Nothing in the correspondence indicates that Mr. Noyes holds views in conflict with those commonly held in the American Congregational churches. In a manly way he states his position, and gratefully accepts the honor conferred upon him by the appointment. Twice within the year the entire Japanese Mission has asked that Mr. Noyes be appointed by the Board. For five years he has been in Japan, and has proved himself an able, consecrated, and brotherly missionary. He had already appeared before a large council in Boston, and submitted to a long examination, after which he was recommended by the council for the missionary service.

How long will the Congregational churches endure such trifling? The future will show that this trouble in the American Board had its origin in personalities rather than in principles, that it is continued by personal prejudice, and that so soon as those prejudices are eliminated the troubles will cease. This last action of the Committee will deepen the conviction in the minds of many men who have been loyal to the Board that the only way out of its present pressing difficulties is by an entire change in its management, and by an insistence on the application of the council system to the ordination of missionaries as well as of ministers. Those who think that the liberals are agitating simply for the purpose of agitation little understand their temper; and those who imagine that the liberals are few in numbers must shut their eyes to facts. The National Council at Minneapolis represented the churches, and, as is well known, was overwhelmingly opposed to the present policy of the Prudential Committee. It expressly called the attention of the missionary societies to a declaration of principles in which creeds of acknowledged weight were declared to be sufficient for both home and foreign service. The extreme conservatives may have a majority among the Corporate Members, but they are in the minority in the churches. The churches are tired of this controversy. They welcomed the appointment of Mr. Noyes as a sign that the Committee recognized that it should represent the whole Board and not one faction; that it was willing to give a "liberal" interpretation to Dr. Storrs's letter.

One of the most memorable scenes at the recent meeting of the Board at New York was when two reports were presented by the Nominating Committee, the minority report being read by Professor George P. Fisher, of Yale Theological Seminary. The gentleman who presented the majority report offered a compromise. Professor Fisher declined to accept it, saying that the only way to get rid of the difficulty was to get rid of the cause. Professor Fisher was right; an increasing number of those who have favored moderate action are beginning to ask if it is not time that the cause of the difficulty were removed. Several associations and conferences have already expressed themselves as favoring a change of administration. We commend the action of the Naugatuck Conference and of the Connecticut Association to other similar bodies. Let the wishes of the churches now come to the front. They give the money, and their preferences should be respected. We believe that not only a large majority of the churches, but also a large majority of the missionaries, are opposed to the present policy of the Home office. We leave it to our readers to decide whether a man of the ability, consecration, and proved fidelity of Mr. Noyes should not be appointed a missionary when the only objection that can be made to him is contained in the following words: "Those who do not hear the message in this life I trustfully leave to God. I do not claim to know God's method of dealing with them, but I do not refuse to think about them. I entertain in their behalf what I consider to be a reasonable hope, that somehow, before their destinies are fixed, there shall be revealed to them the love of God in Christ Jesus. In this, as in every question to which God has given no distinct answer, I merely claim the liberty of the Gospel." If such an utterance is enough to prevent appointment to the foreign missionary service of the Congregational churches, then those churches in the future must be content with inferior missionaries or must speedily get a new appointing power.

Our readers should keep a few facts clearly in mind. This is not a controversy concerning continued probation, for no one wishes to make that doctrine part of a creed for the Board; it is a question of simple liberty—whether or not such men as are honored and useful at home shall be eligible to the foreign missionary work. Many of the most conservative among Congregational leaders are in favor of a liberal policy. It would be possible to have every executive position in the Board filled by an extreme conserva-

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tive and yet the whole difficulty cease. We do not ask to have beliefs changed; but there will be no peace until there is a very general change in the personnel both of the Secretaries and the Prudential Committee.

The Witness of Character

The most convincing evidence of immortality is to be found, not in argument, but in character; for there is often in high and beautiful natures a quality which carries with it the conviction of its own continuance. It was this mysterious element of character which made Hume declare that whenever he thought of his mother he believed in immortality! The Rhone, sweeping impetuously past the quays and under the bridges of Geneva, conveys by its very velocity an impression of the heights from which it has come; the Amazon, by its very breadth and volume, testifies to the vastness of waters into which it pours itself. So there are natures so pure and high that they bring with them the consciousness of having come from God; while the force of their moral impulses and the steadfastness of their loyalty to spiritual ideals predict the nobler life to which they move, as the seed predicts the flower it is later to grow and the fruit it is later to bear. Christ was more than the truth he taught; he was the Truth itself. There was that in him which made the resurrection morning credible and the ascension natural. To put such truth into the thoughts of men was to be the greatest of teachers; but to live such a life in this troubled world was to be a Saviour of humanity.

For nothing imparts life but life; knowledge cannot do it, nor wisdom, nor strength, nor any gift or grace; life flows only from life; and not until knowledge, wisdom, strength, and grace become vitalized by incarnation in a human life have they power to reproduce themselves in others. Abstract talk about patriotism leaves the boy's imagination cold, but one glance at a living hero and his heart leaps up with joy that, after all, the dreams of youth are true. Beauty has made many a pen eloquent, but the soul is not moved until the vision comes before it, and thenceforth words are not needed. Love has many beautiful tributes in the books, but no one understands its mystery and its sacredness until it possesses his own soul or he sees it shining from the soul of another. The world is full of these noble incarnations of truth and goodness and purity; and this revelation of the divine realities is continued age after age in countless households and in unnumbered communities. Many a patient, quiet woman has been to her children a chapter of that great Bible of life which God is continually writing; many a wife has been, to a husband less noble and steadfast, as the light of a star which no darkness could quench, and whose gentle shining has been a part of heaven to him. Fortunate are they whose ideals, unrealized in their own characters, walk beside them in the daily ministry and fidelity of others, and who are bound, therefore, to faith in the nobler possibilities of life. For no one can live day by day with the integrity and love of another, manifesting their presence and their power as naturally as the earth manifests the vitality within it, without being convinced, not only of the reality, but of the immortality, of these great qualities. They who possess them are not the prey of death, for death belongs to time; but these beautiful spirits are not of the earth, any more than the thought of the poet is of the words he uses, or the vision of the sculptor of the marble which suggests but does not contain it.

And yet the words and the marble are precious and necessary; they are not the thought, but they convey the thought to us, and they bring the vision within the boundaries of our seeing. They translate for us that which is above us, and by the very beauty of the form in which they come they convince us of their reality. In like manner, and with a kindred power of persuasion, the divinest truths are continually coming to us, speaking to us, abiding with us. They are not like shining mountain summits, filling us at the same moment with longing and with despair; they speak our language; they share our lot; they are of our household. Purity, righteousness, fidelity, love, dwell with us in forms and faces so familiar that we sometimes forget for the moment what they reveal; but their message is so clear that we cannot long miss its meaning. They do not testify of immortality; they are immortal. And there is no diviner privilege bestowed upon men than this power not only to realize God's thought in their own natures, but to reveal that thought, beyond all doubt and questioning, to others. The good, the pure, and the beautiful who are with us are witnesses from heaven, and bring the air of their home with them into this troubled world.

To Reach Men

The series of articles now appearing in The Outlook under the general title "How to Reach Men" is significant not only by reason of the contents of the articles but by reason of that general title. Truth has always had supreme value for the best minds, but its value for saving men from sin, misery, and degradation was never so clearly seen before. Men are learning that the sublime order in which they find themselves yields its secrets slowly to intellectual curiosity, but swiftly for the ends of character. We are not here to have the great questions about the ultimate ends of being answered, but to grow in wisdom and strength for the doing of the work of the day. The great questions besiege every thoughtful man and convey a constant impression of the greatness of the soul and of its destiny, but they lead us on and lend dignity to daily work and duty; they are never answered. Truth is given us in this world for the purposes of character-making, and not to satisfy intellectual curiosity. To love truth and pursue it is our immortal destiny; but our concern now is rather to clear our vision and train ourselves in righteousness and strength than to discover the ultimate secrets of existence.

Such truth as we have learned is now focused on the saving and building up of men more directly and more effectively than ever. Christ came, not to answer the questions of men about their origin and their future, but to tell them how to live and to teach them how to die. The science of living is now the foremost, as it has always been the most concrete, of sciences, and to this science all knowledge is tributary. Theology has grown more reverent and more helpful; it is learning a humility which makes it less eager to discuss the nature of Deity and more eager to aid men in the daily struggle against temptation and the daily struggle for righteousness and peace. It is less resolute to define the nature of sin and more resolute to save men from its ravages. It is less dogmatic in deciding how Christ put on the garments of humanity and more zealous to bring humanity within the sphere of his love. It cares less for logical completeness and more for the power to light and lighten the burdens of life.

As with theology, so with church organization; the supreme interest is more and more the service of man. That

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form of government is best which gives the Church greatest efficiency as a spiritual force in the world; that kind of ritual or order of service is wisest which best expresses the attitude and heart of the worshiper; that kind of architecture or construction is finest which becomes most adequately a symbol of the spiritual life in all its needs and aspirations; and that kind of preaching is highest which reaches men most directly, influences them most profoundly, and builds them in moral strength most substantially. The once almost deserted cathedrals of the English Church are now thronged with worshipers because, in many places, that Church has made itself the friend and helper of men. The Roman Catholic Church, which seemed to have bound up its fortunes with the dead past, is now, apparently, adapting itself to the new conditions and needs of humanity. In every live church the foremost question is how to reach men, and the "Forward Movement" is the answer. The Church is fast becoming everywhere an eager, aggressive force, combating with increasing intelligence and courage the evils which afflict men. Great congregations gathered to hear eloquent sermons no longer satisfy the ideals of organized religious life; worship is not less than before, but the cry of humanity is heard above the peal of the organ and the music of the anthem; no church is really alive to-day which is not face to face with the hard and diseased conditions of life, and hand to hand with the evils which afflict our great cities or corrupt the smaller communities. Man has become so valuable that no price is too great to pay for his redemption, and the Church has become willing to pay the price of its repose and leisure. To be good means more and more to do good.

Nor is this convergence of interest upon man confined to religious and philanthropic activities; science shares it, and in countless ways contributes its knowledge to the betterment of the race. Eager as is the search for scientific truth for its own sake, the application of that truth to the needs of men is not less eager. The guarding of health, the preservation of life, the protection of the feeble and the sick, the improvement of sanitary conditions, the annihilation or modification of disease, are some of the ways in which science is to-day making itself the servant of man; to say nothing of the countless methods which it is devising and employing to lighten his burdens, multiply his resources, and increase his wealth. No genii ever toiled for men as science is doing, and no magicians ever performed such wonders in their behalf.

Art, too, finds its inspiration more and more in the deep and universal experience in which all men share, and is all the more divine because it discovers something touching and beautiful in figures and faces from which it would once have turned away. The Greek sculptors carved the images of gods and heroes and ideal human beings, and peopled the world with noble or winning figures. Millet saw the pathos of toil, and made the peasant impressive and noble by interpreting the fidelity and suffering which are wrought into the very fibers of his being. The earlier poetry of epic and drama concerned itself with colossal careers and characters; the later poetry has given us the beauty and pathos of humble life, and has made it clear that greatness resides, not in rank or station or eminence, but in those traits and qualities which are the common possession of all humanity. There is a deep meaning in the great place of the novel in modern literature, for the power of fiction lies in its portraiture of character and experience, in its disclosure of what is in the heart and life of man.

Truth has no diviner function than to feed the souls of men, and there is nothing diviner in man than his need of truth—a need which proclaims him the child of God.

The Home Rule Bill

Two weeks more should see the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords. At the end of last week thirty out of the forty clauses originally contained in the bill had been passed in committee of the House of Commons. By the end of this week the new financial clauses will have been disposed of, and a few days later the measure will be read a third time, and then, for this session at any rate, the House of Commons will have done with the bill. Were it an ordinary measure this would not be the case. Amendments would be made as the bill passed its various stages in the House of Lords, and it would have to come back to the Commons for their concurrence in the Lords' amendments. The House of Lords, however, is not likely to amend the Home Rule Bill; it will not even pass it on to committee stage. It is the general opinion that the bill will be rejected on second reading, and in another session of Parliament all the work which has engaged the House of Commons since the 13th of February will have to be done over again and a second bill sent up to the Lords.

Under the new closure rules the progress of the bill in the House of Commons has been phenomenally rapid. The new rules were adopted on the 30th of June. Up to that time the committee had been occupied for thirty-one days on the bill, and had carried only the first four clauses. With the new rules, between June 30 and July 13 twelve clauses were carried, while between July 13 and July 20 no fewer than fourteen clauses were disposed of by the committee. All the incident of the accelerated movement in committee occurred in the earlier days of the new rules. Last week's proceedings were comparatively uneventful, and there was no demonstration when the fortieth clause was carried. This was unusual, and was due to the fact that the financial clauses have still to be adopted. They were taken out of their proper order owing to their having to be entirely recast, and this change in the order of procedure deprived the final clause in the bill, as it was originally drafted, of the interest and pleasurable excitement which invariably attends proceedings in committee when the last clause of a great measure is carried. On these occasions the Cabinet Minister who has piloted the bill through committee receives an ovation, in which ordinarily Members on both sides of the House take part. The ovation which will be given to Mr. Gladstone will, from the nature of the bill and from the character of the struggle which is yet to come, be mainly from his own supporters, but it will not be lacking, nor will enthusiasm be wanting when, at the end of the present week, the readjusted financial proposals are agreed to, and Mr. Mellor leaves the Chairman's table to report the bill from committee to the House.

The most important event in committee under the closure rules was the discussion and the division on Clause 9. As had been expected, the Government abandoned those sections of the clause which proposed to keep the Irish Members at Westminster on some occasions and rule them out at others. This feature of the Home Rule Bill never appeared to be practicable to any one acquainted with the inner working of the House of Commons and the growing intricacies of party government in England. If it had been adopted, it must have involved great confusion; in fact, it was unworkable, and it was evident long before the clause was reached in committee that the Gov-

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ernment would have to give way upon it. As the clause now stands, the Irish representation is reduced from 103 to 80, a reduction which led to a hostile amendment by Mr. Redmond, the leader of the nine Members who form the Parnellite group. He objected to the reduction so long as the land question, the appointment of judges, and the control of the Irish police were withheld from the Dublin Parliament. His contention was that Ireland's most vital interests were reserved; that the matters delegated to the Dublin Parliament were small in importance as compared with those which were withheld; and he therefore insisted that the present power of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament should remain undiminished. Mr. Redmond's amendment was defeated in a division which gave the Government a majority of fourteen—the smallest majority it has had in any of the numerous divisions on the bill.

The attack of Mr. Robert Wallace on the ninth clause, in so far as it retained the Irish Members at Westminster, was also expected. It had been heralded by review articles written by the brilliant ex-editor of the "Scotsman," and by columns of London correspondence in the daily press of the provinces. Mr. Wallace at one time had hoped to take Mr. Labouchere and several other fellow Radical Members into the division lobby with him against the Government proposal. As it was, Mr. Wallace's secession was the only one which occurred on the clause. Mr. Wallace is a man of extraordinary powers, and one of the most versatile and eloquent Members on the back benches of the House of Commons. His speech is regarded as one of the best made at any stage of the bill, and it pleased the Unionists so much that they are printing hundreds of thousands of copies of it for use as campaign literature for the approaching general election.

Apart from the bill itself, the proceedings in committee will make the Parliamentary session of 1893 memorable in several respects. There is no disputing the fact that the closure rules by which the bill has been accelerated are without precedent. There were special and extremely drastic closure rules in 1887, when Lord Salisbury's Government was forcing the Crimes Act for Ireland through the House of Commons; but there can be no real comparison between the two measures to which these rules have been applied. Crimes Acts for Ireland, unfortunately, have been numerous. Both Liberal and Conservative Governments have had to resort to them. The need for a Crimes Act, however, sooner or later disappears, while the circumstances which call for such legislation always demand an instant remedy. The Home Rule Bill, on the other hand, is a great constitutional measure, intended to make permanent changes in the government of both England and Ireland. Home Rule in one form or another will sooner or later have to be conceded; but it is doubtful if ever the final measure can be satisfactorily got through Parliament by the means which have been in use in the House of Commons since the end of June.

The acrimony and bitterness which have characterized the proceedings in committee are also likely to cause the session to stand out with somber prominence. Never before have "scenes" been so frequent in the House of Commons. Members of all political parties have shared in them, and Ministers and ex-Ministers on the Treasury and front Opposition benches have taken part in some of the heated personal interchanges. The Chairman of Committees has had a number of unpleasant experiences; personal explanations between Members have been common; and in three or four cases questions of privilege have been raised involving the conduct of editors of the London daily press. All this is evidence of an extreme irritability, new in English politics, which it is to be hoped will not outlive the Home Rule epoch.

As to what will happen when the bill has met its fate in the Lords, all that need be said is that the Conservatives and the Unionists are already as hard at work in the constituencies as though the date of the next general election had been fixed. They are ostentatious in their activity and in the display of their preparedness for another electoral contest. The Home Rulers, on the other hand, are moving quietly, but there can be no doubt that they are as well prepared for any eventuality as their political opponents.

Editorial Notes

The Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of the editorial staff of The Outlook, sailed for England on Wednesday of this week, in the Britannic. Dr. Bradford will fill a two months' engagement at Westminster Chapel, London, in connection with the Forward Movement of the London Congregational Union, of which we have already spoken.

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The "Congregationalist" welcomes our recent remark that among the religious papers generous rivalry has taken the part of ill-tempered competition, and adds most truly: "A hot dispute between the editors of two family newspapers is as little relished by most of their readers as a quarrel between two neighbors at a family dinner party."

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The London "Bookman" affirms that it has good authority for saying that four-fifths of the jokes accepted by "Punch" from outside contributors are sent by Scotchmen. This may or may not, it adds, be held to dispose of Sydney Smith's famous dictum. We hope (having a belief in Scotch wit) that the authority for the statement is better than that which leads the "Bookman" in the same number to report Mr. Walter Besant as being prevented from reaching Chicago because the "Etruria was put into quarantine at New York."

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Since we published (July 15 issue) the page of extracts from prominent religious and secular papers congratulating The Outlook on its change of name, on its past history, and on its future prospects, we have received many other similar "Echoes from the Press," as well as many letters from subscribers and friends, all expressing hearty good will, and nearly all acquiescing in the wisdom of the change. We heartily thank our friends, both those of our own family, so to speak, and those controlling other journals, for their pleasant and cordial words.

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We learn from that excellent English paper, the London "Chronicle," that "in the United States the members of the Cabinet, *with the exception of the Vice-President* [italics ours], have no seats in either House of Congress." Since the Home Rule discussion has been up it is quite the fashion for English papers to refer, with an air of intimate knowledge, to the Constitution of the United States. A copy of that glorious document in each editorial room might save many such slips as that of making the Vice-President a member of the Cabinet.

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A certain M. Faustin lately threatened to sue Edmund de Goncourt for damages if that author should dramatize one of his own novels under the title "La Faustin." M. Faustin did not claim that an attack was intended on him personally, but that it would bring the name into general derision. If this position were to be upheld by the courts, authors would, as the New York "Evening Post" suggests, be forced to go back to the practice of the morality plays and call their characters Chastity, Diligence, Good Sense, and the like. It has been settled here that an author who introduces real people under their own names into his work does so at his own risk; and even when fictitious names are used, damages may be gained when the design to injure or make ridiculous is clear, as was shown in the case of "Cape Cod Folks." Further than this the courts are not likely to go.

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That Extra Dividend

By Edward Everett Hale

AS Huldah or William—how should I know the name?—takes from its cover this number of The Outlook, reserved thus far for Sunday afternoon, that annoying question about the dividend, now eleven days old, comes up again. William or Huldah—how should I know the name?—reads The Outlook on the piazza. Two miles off is the ocean, in an exquisite purple color this time—it is never quite the same as before. Just this side of the horizon are two coasters crawling lazily along. Is the crew of one made up of Jabez and Nahum, the captain's sons, of Franklin his son-in-law, and is Camilla, Franklin's wife, on board with her mother, and are they all reading aloud from their last Outlook, under the shade of that great mainsail, as happy as we are on our shaded piazza? Let us hope so.

For this is a happy world. And people who know enough to take The Outlook know how to enjoy it. Certainly we will hope that the people on the coasters enjoy their holidays as we do ours.

But here—to Huldah or to William, or to "What's-his-name" or to "What's-her-name"—comes in this deferred question about that dividend.

For neither William nor Huldah, since the 20th of June, when they and so many others left town for the summer, has had more than one real duty which required effort and sacrifice.

This duty was to go to town, to go to the Safety Deposit Vaults, to take one's own special tin box from one's own little special cell, and to cut off the July coupons. Rain or shine, summer or winter, seed-time or harvest, one must cut off one's coupons. Else all men will know that papa did not train one well to business.

Then came this knotty question of the dividend. Yes, the times were hard just then, and the country was going to the dogs. But so it was ordered—dear Mr. Mahsteff made our investments so well for us that our coupons this summer have footed up larger than they did last winter. We had so much Sugar and so little Cordage. And the Cattaraugus and Opelousas dividend was so extraordinary!

So William—or was it Huldah?—returned from town, with that difficult question, "What to do with these unexpected hundred and five dollars." How spend them so as to show one's gratitude that our ships are afloat when other ships worth a hundred million dollars are in the quicksands or have gone down?

It is for all the Huldahs and all the Williams in this doubt that I copy the following letter, which I have received yesterday. It is from my chief of staff, left in town on duty, while some of us take our holiday, while we sit on the piazza. It shows what one day of July brings to light among the people who are not sitting on piazzas and are not taking holidays.

THE LETTER

"*My dear Chief:*

"It is my turn to write to you to-day, and should I tell you the whole of yesterday you would be wearied. It was one of those days when I went home, not discouraged, but utterly worn out because so many things had appealed to me and my sympathies had been so deeply touched all day.

"First was 'Noon-Day Rest.' Everything glides along beautifully. Each one seems interested in her own department, and bound to make the whole succeed."

[The Noon-Day Rest is a co-operative club of two hundred and fifty working-girls, who have their own dinners in their own club-rooms. If they choose, they carry their dinners. If they order them, they order them from their own Committee.] The letter continues:

—"A. B., Mrs. Winter's pretty protégée, whom I have placed in a position at Tenterdon, was my first caller, but I had missed her. I found your letter, with the inclosure from F. H., about that dying boy, Will Grattan. I feel for him very much. He is only the age of my Frank, yet it seems as if we could do nothing." [The boy is a worthy lad of sixteen, fading away in consumption. The doctors want to send him away from the sea.] "It seems as if we could do nothing, for our outing money has failed us." [The "outing money" is a contribution of about three hundred dollars, which we generally receive from "several hands" as summer begins. This year, thanks to Cordage, and silver, and Chicago, and nervous depression generally, the three hundred dollars dwindled to *seven*.] "But this morning," so the letter goes on, "Mrs. C. D., of the Tintagel Club, comes in, and, having the sick boy in my mind, I talked to her. She gives me encouragement that her club will pay two weeks' board. So there is a ray of light.

"Miss Hargrave was my next caller. Mrs. E. F., of Clovelly, wants a nursery governess; the salary is small, but the surroundings are, so to speak, large. I have written Mrs. F. to make an appointment with Miss Hargrave, and I think there is the right person in the right place.

"Then came Mr. Oberlin. He had a dish-washer to provide for, if we wanted one; and he said that my poor deaf old Mrs. Segur should teach in the sewing-school this summer." [That means heaven to old Mrs. Segur.]

"Then I poured out to him my grief that the little children at the South End, under eight years old, should be left in the streets, because they have no vacation school there, as they had last year. He sympathizes, and really thinks that he can arrange a big kindergarten, which will take perhaps all those vacation school children in. But where will he get the money in these hard times? However, I gave him the name of a nice kindergartner, and he went his way.

"Now comes a girl from the Working-Girls' Club. She wants a vacation. The 'associates' are willing to pay her fare to P., but she cannot pay board. She said she should have to give it up, for she only earned two dollars and a half last week. Happy thought! I would (and did) write to Mr. Ross." [P. S.—Next day's report. Mr. Ross sent ten dollars for the girl's visit, with thanks.]

"Next a lady—name unknown—who wanted to *talk* 'charities of the city' for a story which she wished to write! Promptly referred her to the 'New Harry and Lucy.'

"Now comes Mrs. Marcelline, of the Young Travelers' Aid." [This is the organization which keeps a Visitor or Lady Welcomer at each railroad or steamboat station, to care for friendless girls.] "She brought with her a pretty, modest girl of sixteen. Mrs. M. also brought with her her monthly report. And, while she lamented that one report is so exactly like another, she told me incidents of the month that drew our tears. Here, for instance, is this girl—left an orphan, placed in an 'institution,' then taken from it by a lady, who made her 'one of the family.' Now the lady prefers to 'keep a servant,' and so, after five years, sends this girl to Boston, with five dollars in her pocket, to make her way! I have written to the lady for her version of the tale, and must see what can be done with the girl later on. Meanwhile I have sent her to the 'Temporary Home.'

"Then comes in Mrs. M. N. She is a sweet, delicate-looking woman, who married a 'foreigner.' He has been modern language teacher in a college, where they have now discharged him, because they have given up teaching the modern languages. He is all discouraged by a series of disappointments. What can you do with a discouraged man? Here is a family of five in all, living on seven dollars a week—the earnings of one of the boys. Clearly she is a lady—and it is a sad, sad case. . . . How would he do for your school in Oregon?

"She has pawned her silver—and everything else. I do

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not think they have enough to eat. His recommendations are good. Can you not write to President ——, at —— College?

"Here are letters from Miss I., in Torrington, who wants work. Look at the letter from Mrs. K. at once. Neither she nor her daughter has employment—and they do not know how to be poor. I am sometimes afraid they are starving now. Miriam would be an excellent music-teacher, if the schools will ever open again So pleasant and nice."

There is the exact report of one day—in one office—in one city—exact but that I have changed the names, have left out what would identify people, and have severely condensed the last paragraph. That is not in the words of the "chief of staff." The rest is.

She goes on with plans and possibilities.

This letter shows very well that "everybody" is not "out of town." The people who cut off coupons are out of town, and the people who receive dividends. But there are other people—some of those who do their daily duty so that dividends may be paid, and that coupons may be good for anything—who are still *in* town.

Among other agencies, the Church of Christ never sleeps. It is its business to take care of the exceptions, and to provide for the extraordinary contingencies. The Church of Christ is not "out of town," though some of its members are.

And I—who am one of these out-of-town members—have just now footed up the "needful"—as my chief of staff calls it—for the duty of the one day here described.

Will Grattan—the consumptive boy—July to October, seventeen weeks at four dollars a week, $68, minus $15 which we have for him, ...	$53 00
Five weeks' vacation school at seven dollars a week, .	35 00
The "working-girl's" holiday has been provided for by Mr. Ross, ...	0 00
Mrs. Marcelline's stranger, at the Temporary Home, must pay, say, ...	5 00
Does nobody want her if she can take care of children; or if she writes a decent hand? And who wants Miss Miriam as a music-teacher?—"so pleasant and nice." And before we can place the many-languaged Professor we shall want twenty dollars to take that silver out of pawn, ...	20 00
This foots up	$113 00
But as I read this letter to Harry, who is on the piazza beside me, he hands me eight dollars for Will Grattan (that is not his real name). Subtract eight dollars, ...	8 00
The remainder is	$105 00

Do you know, it occurred to me that this is just the amount of that extra dividend of William's. Or was it Huldah's?

Matunuck, R. I.

Industrial America

II.—The Liquor Traffic in South Carolina[1]

From a Staff Correspondent

In South Carolina the election of Governor Tillman by the Reform party three years ago was a political revolution. "Ten families," the State School Commissioner told me, "had filled the Governor's chair for a hundred years." So arrogant was the aristocracy of blood in its assumption of a hereditary right to rule, that when Governor Tillman was nominated he and his associates were publicly taunted as men without ancestry. Ridicule of this sort—such as no Northern newspaper for two generations would have dared use against opposition candidates—was poured forth so continuously by the Charleston "News and Courier" that South Carolina seemed to at least one Northern reader of that journal as thoroughly isolated from the political life of the rest of this Nation as Bourbon Spain from the intellectual life of northern Europe. The results of the election, however, showed that Bourbonism in South Carolina was but a shell, and that the mass of the voters, so far from retaining the political ideas of the Old South, had espoused the political ideas of the New West. Outwardly the change was sudden and violent, but it had been made inevitable by a slow and silent industrial revolution, which had set in with the downfall of slavery.

There is no longer any wealth in South Carolina, but what property there is is chiefly in the hands of self-made men, who, by plain living and hard working, have accumulated it since the war. In ideas, as in interests, these men are at one with the farmers of the New West, and it is hardly likely that another Presidential campaign will find them voting different tickets. In the last election these South Carolina Reformers did vote for Mr. Cleveland on a Populist platform, but the cry of negro domination can hardly bring about a repetition of this anomaly.

So much by way of introduction to the political situation in South Carolina. To-day the two parties, Conservative and Reform, are divided upon a question not at issue in their earlier campaign. In 1892 the question of State prohibition was submitted to the Democratic primaries. It was not, as has been said, a party issue. Yet, as a matter of fact, the vote for prohibition came always from the same districts and generally from the same men as did the vote for the Reform candidates. Charleston and Columbia gave overwhelming majorities against the proposition, but the majority in the State was more than ten thousand in its favor. When the Legislature assembled, the great majority of its members belonged to the Reform party, and had pledged themselves to abide by the decision of the Democratic primaries. A bill was promptly introduced establishing dispensaries at which liquor should be sold for medicinal purposes only. This would probably have become law, in spite of the fact that the liquor majorities in the cities promised a ridiculous fiasco at those points, had not Governor Tillman in his message proposed as a feasible compromise the suppression of all bar-rooms, while permitting at State agencies the regulated sale of liquor not to be drank upon the premises. This plan proved acceptable to the Reform legislators, nearly all of whom are in sympathy with the Farmers' Alliance ideals of extended State control of business enterprises. On the part of most of the members of the Legislature the acceptance of this plan implied no disloyalty to the principle of prohibition. "For a dozen years," the editor of the "Cotton Plant" told me, "there has been prohibition in South Carolina outside of the incorporated villages, and the prohibition sentiment among the legislators has been so strong that it long since became difficult for any village to secure incorporation unless the charter prohibited the retailing of liquors. Since the carpet-baggers were driven out, the legislators in this State have always been a respectable body of men; and since the Reform movement began they have been an extremely moral body of men." For them to accept State control of the liquor traffic in lieu of complete prohibition meant that the great body of Prohibitionists in the State accepted it.

The detailed provisions of the South Carolina law have already been published in The Outlook. More interest, therefore, attaches to the men who are to carry the law into effect. On my arrival at Columbia I called upon Governor Tillman, and found him, as I was told I should, not at the Governor's office, but at the State dispensary. He was working there day in and day out, and it was evident at a glance that if the law proved a failure it would not be for want of earnest and efficient support on the part of the Chief Executive. "Nothing under God's heaven," he afterwards told me, "can prevent this law getting a fair trial for the next eighteen months, unless a Federal judge can get hold of it." Governor Tillman is not a prepossessing man, but he does impress one strongly with his strength and his will-power. He is by no means a typical reformer. There is apparently but little idealism in his nature, and he is not at all the man to lead a forlorn hope in a struggle

[1] The first article in this series was entitled "Work and Wages in Southern Towns," and appeared in The Outlook for July 8.

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for an unpopular principle. But he has executive ability, and by sheer main strength and fearlessness made himself the head of the movement that overthrew the old régime. If he fails at all, he will fail in a way in which typical reformers never fail—by too great concern for what seems practical and too little concern for the moral ideals of his constituents. In talking with me of what the new experiment contemplated, he laid stress upon the revenue it would bring to the State. He also dwelt upon its moral advantages—the suppression of the loafing and treating places, where the great bulk of the drinking is done and nearly all the drunkenness is created—but he came back to the point that the revenue wrung from "women's tears" ought not to enrich private individuals, but should go to the public to pay for the expenses of the crime and pauperism which the liquor traffic entailed upon it. He saw immense advantages for restriction in the elimination of private profit, but no disadvantages in the presence of public profit.

In talking with one of Governor Tillman's ardent supporters, a man in touch with people from all parts of the State, I was told that Governor Tillman stood "practically alone" in his desire for revenue from the State dispensaries. "I am not a Prohibitionist," this gentleman said, "and when in the Legislature did not hesitate to oppose it. But what the Reform party in this State wants is the greatest possible suppression of the liquor traffic, and not revenue from it. If there should be half a million of revenue from the dispensaries, the biggest protest would come from our people. . . . The moral sentiment of the State is not in favor of the revenue feature, and if we lose hold of the moral sentiment there is nothing left of our movement." I believe that this man told the truth about the feeling throughout the State, and that Governor Tillman runs the risk of wrecking the experiment of State control through his partial isolation from the temperance sentiments of his constituents. Already the Conservative papers are attacking the law from the standpoint of the Prohibitionists as well as from the standpoint of the liquor-sellers and liquor-drinkers. The combination of arguments is a bad one, and few of the Prohibitionists have as yet joined the Conservatives in expressing hostility to the experiment. Yet there is a strong feeling, even outside of Prohibition circles, that the State of South Carolina ought not to be engaged in the liquor business for any other purpose than its restriction.

The revenue feature of the law exposes it to another danger quite distinct from the moral prejudices of the Prohibitionists. No liquor is to be sold for less than three dollars a gallon. Yet when I visited the State dispensary, a force of young women and men was busily engaged in bottling new whisky, which cost, by the tank-load, only one dollar and fifteen cents a gallon—ninety cents for the internal revenue tax, and twenty-five cents for the whisky itself. The difference between the purchase and selling price of this whisky is not all profit, inasmuch as the expenses of bottling, sealing and labeling, and shipping and handling have to be paid out of it. Yet when all of these are paid the margin is still a handsome one, and the temptation to engage in the illicit sale is consequently strong. The State dispensary seems to be capitally managed as a business enterprise, and if prices were graded to cover cost only, private liquor-dealers could be driven out of competition by the destruction of all possible profits. A profitable State monopoly, however, cannot be maintained without a strong police force and the frequent punishment of unlicensed dealers.

Such, then, are the internal dangers to the experiment upon which the Prohibitionists and Populists of South Carolina have united as the solution of the liquor problem. Its external dangers are also many, for in the cities even the most cultivated and moral people are so intensely hostile to the Farmers' Alliance and the Tillman régime that there will be next to no opposition to any effort to make the law ridiculous. Furthermore, the leading newspapers are all against anything approaching prohibition, and the correspondents of the Northern press may be relied upon to belittle the experiment in the same reckless fashion in which they belittled the Reform movement, until the election proved that it had swept everything before it. Nothing, therefore, can be judged from the reports that are now coming from South Carolina cities. In Charleston the law may prove a farce. One Charleston Reformer told me that nearly every grocer in Charleston sold liquor, and that it had been almost impossible to collect money on Monday since liquor-selling on Sunday had been prohibited. The ten dispensaries allotted to Charleston may fail to supply the demand for liquor in that hard-drinking, conservative stronghold, while one dispensary easily supplies the entire demand in all the rural counties where the local officers are bent on the enforcement of the new law. Before the end of the year The Outlook proposes to publish an impartial article covering the workings of the law in the entire State. Even in Kansas the writer found that Prohibitionists were watching the South Carolina experiment with the greatest interest, as it seemed to them to furnish a method by which bar-rooms could be suppressed in the worst cities as well as the best, while in city and country the entire liquor traffic could be controlled and restricted as rapidly as the awakening moral sentiment of the public demanded. Every Populist is instinctively in favor of State control of the liquor traffic, just as nearly every Prohibitionist is instinctively in favor of State control of monopolies. If the South Carolina experiment succeeds, we may look for a union of the reform forces in demanding its extension to every part of the Nation.

C. B. S.

The Essay

By Tudor Jenks

Is there not reason to believe that all mankind loves the essay? Before the appearance of "Obiter Dicta" the question might have been asked with hesitation. Since Augustine Birrell became the friend of the world of readers, one need not fear to ask whether any other form of composition could have won him so many hearts. The poet's work is treasured, the novelists are gratefully remembered, the historian and the scholar are admired, but the essayist becomes our own friend.

Other writers show what they can do; the essayist shows us what he is. The essay, indeed, is autobiography disembodied of the entangling facts. We know Montaigne; but Shakespeare is behind the scenes. Charles Lamb is a dear friend; Coleridge, a man of whom we have heard. Charles Reade seen through his novels is a bowing acquaintance, but Readiana is a card of invitation to his house—we taste the very grapes of Naboth's vineyard.

Enter the circle of auditors grouped about the story-teller. When the lovers are united and the paternal blessing is a memory, we may pronounce upon the plot, but what do we know of the story-teller? Until we have sought him out as he lights his *post fabulam* pipe, and have awaited his thawing, we cannot really approach the man. If he talks then, and opens his heart to us, he talks essays. He does not tell us what has happened to himself or to others; he tells us what he thinks—or else we never know him.

The writer of fiction is the painted clown in the ring. Until he is at home and the paint is all dissolved away, we shall not know one clown from another. But it is to be remembered that in some cases the paint is indelible, and then there can be no essay—which brings us to a distinction.

The sermon is not the essay, though cut into lengths and labeled. Neither can essays be made from encyclopædia scraps at first or second hand. The essay rightly so called is the world viewed through the prism of individuality, and thrown into the spectrum that exhibits the dark and light lines of personality. The essayist is the man who can converse entertainingly though the auditor is imaginary.

The ability is necessarily rare. Few are the writers of humanity so broad that they can not only exploit their own ideas but at the same time note and follow every tendency

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of the hearers' minds. They must say what is expected in a manner that surprises and amuses while it satisfies.

Edward Everett made a great oration, but Abraham Lincoln's words were the crystallization of the Nation's tears over the fallen at Gettysburg. Few would have thought as Everett thought; all felt as Lincoln felt. Everett put into his mind the thoughts he clothed in words; Lincoln put into words the thoughts that he found in his mind.

In the same way, the writer composes his poems, novels, romances, stories, arguments; but in his essays—if he be an essayist—he only expresses his thoughts. To compositions we resort for pastime, relaxation, recreation; but to essays we go for human sympathy. Essays are the bedtime books. They contain inspiration, comfort, encouragement. They are the unassembled material for the prayer-book of humanity—not a litany, perhaps, but a liturgy.

There is the dissertation upon Roast Pig. It is quite conceivable that the anxious housewife with a luscious porker to make presentable for a banquet might find elsewhere more definite useful knowledge. The student of sociology is not compelled to reckon with the information therein conveyed as to the manners and customs of the Celestial Kingdom. But for the ordinary citizen, who is willing that his mind should go unimproved, and that the Household Guide should monopolize its own field, there is in the Essay upon Roast Pig food of the sort that nourishes the human soul.

How quickly we all respond to Charles Lamb's gentle admonition, "Never mind Coleridge—that's only some of his fun." The strain is relaxed, the concert-pitch is lowered, and all is right with God's world.

What is Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba? The dinner-bell rings, the curtain has fallen, and the footlights go out. That delightful essay of De Quincey's upon the Knocking at the Gate—how clearly it sets forth the misunderstood nature of humor! As equity corrects the universality of law, so humor corrects the unreality of the ideal.

We are always stroking the dome of St. Paul's with an expectation of pleasing the Dean. If we wish really to amuse the turtle, it is necessary to persuade him out of his shell, or to get inside. Until two bodies can occupy the same space, the unobtrusiveness of the Essay will soonest beget confidence and bring about the extrusion of the turtle's head.

The surest way to put an end to all hopes of mutual understanding is to argue; and the next, to instruct or preach.

There upon our shelves stand the books. Upon the lowest tier are the one-hundred-ton guns—a masked battery, excellent for war, but otherwise to be let alone. Near, above them, are the dramatists and historians. If you would laugh or cry, if you would reflect and reason, call forth these imperious spirits—Frankensteins who will not down until their very ghosts are laid in oblivion. Next come the novelists—sturdy mountebanks who go through their tumblings most bravely, but with a prodigious sweating. Surely they are very amusing and clever, but our bones ache as well as theirs.

Why, then, here are minstrels and bards who will enchant the ears! Yes; no doubt. But they are in evening dress, and recite by rote; one must be formal, and admire; and admiration, too, is rather wearisome.

Here now are some neighbors come in to talk with us. They wear their every-day clothes, and one does not even rise to receive them. They do not know what they are going to say; certainly they do not come to offer formalities either of congratulation or of condolence.

Even should they be interrupted by the children's playing, there is no need of the imperative "Hush!" What they will talk about depends upon the weather, the creak of a chair, the flapping of an awning, the twitter of a bird, the cackle of a triumphant hen. But there will be no wearisome frivolity, no dull prosing, for these are our good neighbors the Essayists.

Perhaps we shall rise to sublimity, perhaps poke fun at ourselves or the rector. We only know that no rule shall restrain us save by our own good will. We will not speak in blank verse, nor yet in doggerel rhyme. We will not need the dictionary nor yet the thesaurus. If we do not know the proper name, we shall call everything a thingamajig, and let it go among friends.

Perhaps we may fall into confidences, for there is no stranger present to tell tales out of school. Must our school-days go on for ever? Is there no preparation for the future beyond the next competitive examination?

In the essay the author may say what pleases himself, and if he is of kindred soul he may also please you. Only in the essay is he free from the weight of an ax to grind. It is addressed to one's self, and not to an audience.

And yet essays are unsalable. The public does not want them. Anybody can write essays. Is it so? Why, then, do they never go out of print? Why are they perennials? To what purpose are the dates upon the Spectators?

If the writers are not to give us essays, how are we to know them? Are they always to be upon the stage and in costume?

The urban rattletybang, while attractive to the bucolic mind, is more and more repellent to the citizen free of the city. It may be that there is an audience with ears attuned to voices pitched below the key that competes with the pandemonium of Philistia. If only for variety's sake, is there not room for a quiet talk upon a lower key than has long ruled in the concert-hall of the magazines?

If not, then let us all resort to stimulants, and, imbued with Dutch courage, resign ourselves to the lecture-room, the theater, the concert-hall, the bear-garden. Bring on the fireworks, load up the pistols with blank cartridges for the Bowery melodrama, and *vogue la galère!*

But, if you'll excuse me, I'll just take my Montaigne, my Lamb, my Helps, my Emerson, my Thoreau, my Lowell—any of them will do—my Birrell or Repplier, and, until the racket is over, I shall be in the woods, for I am a little fatigued. How is it with you?

How to Reach Men

IV.—The Pulpit's Place in Church

By the Rev. Thomas C. Hall[1]

It was a sad break in the harmony of the universe, according to many, when the stiff, ugly swallow's-nest pulpit, with its winding stair and banging door, gave way to the platform and the well-nigh secular reading-desk. A splendid sermon was lost on an old Scotch lady, whom the writer took to church, because the preacher wore no gown, and it "was na preaching, fra a platform like." The change has, however, not been simply in the pulpit, but also in the ideals of pulpit work. The platform is nearer the people, and the preacher needs to be nearer them also. Splendid work was done from those little swallow-nest pulpits, but if men are honest and true to God and self, there is before the pulpit of to-day a field of influence such as never yet has been its lot. The swallow-nest pulpit was hampered. The theological air was close and stifling; Gothic arches thick-laid with sixteenth and seventeenth century dust caught and choked the message. Dignity and the Latin tongue spoiled the simplicity of many an honest man. Themes were "handled," much as a massage doctor handles a patient whose vitality is low. Too purely literary ideals invaded the pulpit ministrations. The real end of the sermon was often entirely lost sight of. These bad traditions still exert their influence. The curse of many a pulpit is to-day lack of all definite aim. Who has not listened to a good man preach for forty minutes, and sat wondering what under God's dear sun the preacher expected to get at by the sermon? Rambling, pious soliloquy is not preaching. Dividing up devout platitudes under three heads and nine sub-heads, with a feeble exhortation at the close to "accept the Saviour," is not preaching. Dumping second-hand theological conceits or systems on to a congregation is not even a fair substitute for preaching. Wishy-washy, goody-goody talk, with illustrations dragged

[1] Of the Forty-first Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Ill.

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in headlong, and now and then a furious thrust at some universally condemned sin, is not preaching, and has no power. There is an infinite variety in the presentation of the Gospel message, but these are not types at all of real preaching. Can these things content us when we meet, face to face, congregations, and say to ourselves, on our knees, "God has sent me with a message. There are hungry, dying, despairing men and women before me, and I may be God's voice to them, if I only will"? Shall we not strain mind and heart to read the needs of those about us, and, in as compact, clear, sympathetic a way as possible, condense our message, and go to the pulpit burdened lest we miss a chance never to come again? Better ten eager, honest, sympathetic words than half a ream full of the doleful, dreary commonplaces that most of us can write by the hour and foist on patient, long-suffering congregations under the name of "pulpit ministrations." The pulpit has several misfortunes. It is a grave disadvantage to preaching—whatever its many advantages in other lines—that so many regard church-going for its own sake as a virtue. It gives weak preaching a hearing it does not deserve and should not get. Another disadvantage is that no one answers the preacher. He can belabor with merciless severity "higher criticism" and "science falsely so called," and only one or two in his whole congregation detect from mispronounced names and absurd arguments that the learned pastor is, along those lines, an ignoramus and a humbug. The preacher can be a literary impostor. He can, by the skillful use of names and alleged facts, picked out of reviews and other irresponsible sources of misinformation, pose as a very widely read and learned man. No one cross-examines him. No one shows up his pretentious ignorance; and his flock is, sooner or later, composed only of those who have not detected the imposture and stayed away. There is an immense amount of this pulpit imposture, and it cannot be for the glory of God. It is not demanded that the preacher should know everything. But the preacher should be honest. He should not pretend to know what he does not know. There are thousands of young men who sneer at all preaching because they have detected in so many preachers this crass, rude pulpit bunco game.

If only we preachers stuck to our real work, we should save ourselves from temptations along this line. Why should we go out of our way to belabor "science" or "criticism"? These are God's messengers as much as we, and to their own Master they stand or fall. The writer heard a minister spend a wearisome hour attacking what he was pleased to call Socialism. He did it along lines original enough. He said the world was starving because of overproduction, and adduced the names of Marx and Adams in evidence. If, therefore, the world kept the seventh day holy it would have one-seventh less to eat, and so overproduction would stop, and the world would grow wealthy. The little man was a kind-hearted, sympathetic, good Christian fellow. He was, to my knowledge, talking to at least five families where death, sorrow, and sin made sad havoc. Had he spent fifteen minutes in the simple, earnest, thoughtful application of God's hope to that congregation in a way I knew he was capable of doing, he would have been God's messenger, and saved himself and his cause the jeers and scoffs of some students who roared at the palpable ignorance, absurdity, and inanity of one they knew from thenceforth only as a pretender and fool.

The pulpit's place is in the center of the church. Not in a corner or to one side. It is not a loosely built affair to reach the market or the forum, but to form the center and inspiration of all the numerous activities of God's own Church. It has authority only as it resounds with God's message. It exceeds its power and becomes impotent when it attempts to claim for the preacher's private "views" and opinions the reverence that belongs alone to the truth of God. It is a very real channel of divine authority. But only when it fulfills divine conditions. And God no more gives the modern pulpit an infallible authority in discussing science, rationalism, higher criticism, and political economy than he gave his prophets of old an infallible message about geology, astronomy, or history. We may need to discuss these things as did the prophets of old. When we do, like them, we may easily fall (in good faith) into the errors of our time, but, like them, if God's hand is guiding us, we will nevertheless read to the world the divine message, in tones so certain and so triumphant that, though the world may not hear us, the few who lead the world will.

All organization should be only one more way of having that divine message gain wider and wider circulation. Live God out in clubs, circles, in reading-rooms and prayer-hours. The Church is the second incarnation of God. It has often seemed to the writer that some of the forms of church organization fell below this dignity. So far as they do they are weakness and not strength. The Church may be inspiration to much that is beyond her immediate range. She has from time to time erred in wandering out of her given province, and found enemies she could not there face. Her real victory will come by keeping fast hold to the few simple things committed to her. Alas that so much of the Church's strength is often spent in a vain fight with imaginary foes or with real friends! She has to do with men's lives and characters, not with their whims and opinions. She is God incarnate, the bearer of divine authority, and has only been disowned and dishonored when she prostituted her body for political power, or turned aside to ease and luxury to rest her among false lovers. Then God took her portion from her, and only restores it to her again as she seeks once more faithfully to follow the simple mandate of the waiting Bridegroom: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In the tropical warmth of a really vital religious atmosphere, many forms of church organization will take their rise. These will adapt themselves to differing neighborhoods, circumstances, and needs. The vitality will display itself in new forms, but the center will be the one message of the living Church, God's love and good will to men, weaning them from sin and presenting them a Saviour. Should the Church's life grow less, no forms or organizations can save her; they will be only dead boughs on a withering tree. The power of the pulpit and the power of the Church are the direct revelation that God makes to men by the living voice and the living organization.

Ten Years of Hymnody in England

By the Rev. W. Garrett Horder D.D.

During the last ten years we have had a veritable renascence of hymnody in England. This has been accompanied by a larger number of works on hymnology than in any previous period. Chief among them must be noted the issue of the "Dictionary of Hymnology," the greatest work ever issued on the subject, containing an account of some five thousand hymnists and thirty thousand hymns; while before this there was issued "Anglican Hymnology," by James Ring, "Christian Hymn-Writers and New Hymns," by J. E. Prescott, and "The Hymn-Lover," by the present writer—the only attempt ever made to give a continuous account of the growth of hymnody in England. Such a renascence is the result of the quickened, the enlarged and refined spirit which has animated our English religion. To this we owe the multitude of new writers whose hymns have so greatly enriched our modern hymnals. Most of this is indirectly traceable to the Oxford Movement in the earlier years of this century. That movement not only created a feeling which for its full expression demanded song of a new type, but it also furnished in Keble, Newman, Faber, Neale, Bright, and others, men capable of producing sweet song. The influence of their hymns began in the Established Church, but soon passed over to all the other churches of the land. There are, however, in this modern renascence currents which move in different directions. At certain points the movement is in one direction, in others it is in quite an opposite one. The differ-

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ence in this respect between the Established and Free Churches is significant.

The Established Church, save in its Low Church section, yielded, as is well known, very unwillingly at first to the hymn-singing spirit; and, indeed, treated it with undisguised contempt. It did not care to be classed with the psalm-singing communities. Only the pronouncedly evangelical portion of that Church favored hymns as a part of public worship, and where hymn-books were used nearly the whole of their contents was drawn from Nonconformist sources. Indeed, there were then few others to be drawn upon. But the Oxford Movement altered all that. The new spirit created a demand for Christian song, but of a type wholly different from that founded by Watts and Wesley and men of their school. It craved the note of antiquity and so-called Catholicity. And this is found in translations of ancient hymns, and hymns written by men touched by the doctrines and spirit of the Church before the schism between East and West. Out of this came the "Hymnary," "The Hymnal Noted," and other works of this type, paving the way for "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which now holds the chief part of the field in the Established Church. In the early editions of this work, hymns by such men as Watts and Wesley, so conspicuous in the first hymnal of the Established Church, are practically absent. But in the latest supplement there is a resort to hymns of this type before neglected. There are to be found thirteen hymns by Wesley, three by Watts, four by Newton, four by Montgomery, and hymns by Cennick, Steele, Doddridge—all of which had before been in common use among Nonconformists. Thus even the High Church party is beginning to realize that Nonconformist and Evangelical writers are not of necessity out of harmony with the notes of antiquity and Catholicity.

But while the Anglican book has at last welcomed such hymns from the elder Nonconformity, it is very shy of recent and living writers holding a similar position. It is a marvel, for example, how any editors could pass by the verses of a star like Thomas Toke Lynch, whose book "The Rivulet" has made glad so many churches of God. It may be that the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" think that hymns, like wine, need age to ripen them; or is it that hymns like Lynch's are too full of poetic beauty? Certainly Episcopal hymn-books are sadly lacking in that quality. Dean Stanley's quick eye discerned this years ago, for in his sketch of the Wesleys in "The English Poets," edited by T. H. Ward, he speaks of "the uniform pedestrian style unfortunately familiar to English Churchmen in the vast mass of the verses contained in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and then goes on to say, "It is the English poets of the nineteenth century, not the Latin hymnodists of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, who have furnished whatever there is poetical in that collection."

It is passing strange, too, that the Episcopal Church has not as yet discerned the high poetic and spiritual value of any American hymnists beyond the pale of the sister American Church, such as Whittier, Ray Palmer, Burleigh, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bulfinch, Bryant, and many others. The only exceptions of any consequence to this with which we are acquainted are Mr. Godfrey Thwing's "Church of England Hymn-Book"—from a literary and poetic standpoint the finest hymnal of the Established Church—and the new edition of the "Hymnal Companion." In these there are a few, but very few, hymns from American writers beyond the pale of the Episcopal Church. It may be that when other Nonconformists have used the hymns of such writers for a few more years, and so given them the sanctity which comes from use, they will find their way into common use in the English Church. Whatever other merits the books of that Church at present have, they are certainly not up to date. But since Churchmen did not start on the hymn-singing road with determination till long years after Nonconformists, they must have time to catch up.

Let it be frankly and thankfully admitted that in recent years members of the Established Church have produced a mass of hymns of high quality for which all churches are thankful. But none the less it must be said that if Churchmen had borrowed from Nonconformists as readily as Nonconformists have from Churchmen, their books would have been far richer than they are in spiritual and poetic qualities.

Among the Free Churches generally the outlook has been rather to rising than setting suns. It is true they have looked back to the past to discover whether any hymns of value had been overlooked in the really poetic writers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and they have found and pressed into the worship of the churches noble verses by men like Sir Thomas Browne, G. Wither, John Byrom, John Milton, Richard Baxter, and others of a like type. But they have chiefly reinforced their hymnals from the writings of living or only recently departed singers in this country and America. And very noble additions have been made to the Worship-Song of the Church. They have at last realized that it takes many—nay, a myriad—writers to furnish hymns for its worship. The Independent has learned that Dr. Watts, great as he was—the real founder of English hymnody as he was—is yet not sufficient of himself to fill the choir. And the Methodist has learned, though not yet fully enough, that even in Charles Wesley's five or six thousand hymns there is not sufficient variety of style, subject, spirit, for all the needs of this new age. The time will come when even Charles Wesley's numbers will be reduced from some five hundred to perhaps fifty, as in the Independent Church Dr. Watts has been reduced from that number to about sixty, or, as is the case in my own collection, to some six-and-twenty, which, in my judgment, is sufficient for any writer, however great, to furnish to the song of the Church of to-day. What a change is indicated by the fact that in the earlier years of this century the whole book of song in the Independent Church was furnished by one man (Dr. Watts), and that in the collection which I was permitted to edit there are included hymns by some 350 writers, varying in time from the third to the nineteenth century; from nearly every Church—Greek, Roman, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist, Independent, Brethren, Swedenborgian, Unitarian, and even Quaker; and from nearly every Christian land—England, America, Germany, France, Denmark, Spain, Greece, Italy, Switzerland! In such a divinity there is an underlying unity of spirit, and by such a divinity the widely differing needs of all souls within the Church can alone be adequately met.

London, England.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued*

Never, surely, had child a stranger tutor. Monsieur de Souza-Calhao was an old Portuguese gentleman of shattered health and fortunes, but of irreproachable ancestry and experience. The Rexelaers had come across him just before they quitted Rio, and had brought him away with them. He talked incessantly, pumping up his words with an audible draw—he was a great sufferer from asthma—and his talk, a life's harvest of gentle cynicism, delighted the Count. "Teach my boy," said the latter, "whatever you remember yourself. All the rest, I feel sure, is unnecessary. Contact with the world and those who know the world is the only education. At school children but learn what life teaches them to forget. Make a man of him, like ourselves, that has seen men and cities. And furnish him with enough arithmetic to reckon for number one." The two men shook hands. Count Rexelaer so thoroughly believed in what he said that, from the child's earliest youth, he had taken him about with him everywhere. Well, nearly everywhere. When he left M. de Souza, he went in to his wife and explained his plan. The Countess demurred. She had aspirations, poor thing, in

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her own foolish way, and she suggested the addition of "The poets." Count Hilarius smiled. "Ma chère," he said, "believe me; I know my own class. The 'Almanach de Gotha' and the Paris 'Figaro' are a liberal education."

Monsieur de Souza carried out his instructions and improved on them. He was a shrewd and kindly man, not soured by his misfortunes, which he bore with easy philosophy. He liked his pale little pupil—"the child is not strong, don't let him learn too much," had been the verdict of a great Paris physician. "Ah, you see," said the father. It was an education which many a more correctly educated man might have envied. The tutor, for instance, would take Bucharest for the morning's subject, and would then talk for a couple of hours, first about the city as he remembered it—he had been everywhere—and the places of interest near, the dress and habits and peculiarities of the Roumanian people. "All this," he would say, "you can go and see for yourself some day;" but then he would proceed further and tell about the great Roumanian families, their members, their possessions, their relations to the brand-new German-silver crown. He would repeat these stories from time to time and ask his pupil about them, and so, gradually traveling round the world, the boy learned all about the network of vulgarity and vanity which keeps it together, the little tangle of kings, ministers, and mistresses in which it swings. But he also learned a variety of other things, a smattering of conversation about latter-day pictures and operas, for instance—nothing beyond the limits of elegant ignorance. And he was early taught dancing, riding, fencing, his mother's accomplishments. The Countess Margherita came in to fence with her son, and mortified him into efficiency by her successes. "Never kill your man, unless you want to," she cried, as she leaped straight at the boy's heart. To see her lithe figure bounding to and fro in a quiver of excitement—she fenced in the French manner—one would have imagined it impossible that this was the woman who for days could only loll on couches in conservatories and munch lollipops.

"And especially, Monsieur de Souza," said the poor Countess, "I beg of you to supplement your own vast experience by the reading of books with my son. Let him know how the great intellects saw life." "You mean novels, Madame?" suggested the old gentleman. "Novels, Poems, Le vrai, Le bon, Le beau. Whatever edifies a character." So Reinout read his tutor's two favorites, La Bruyère and Montaigne. The tutor did not take kindly to the Countess's suggestion. As for works of the imagination, he held them in abhorrence. "If you *must* read," he frequently said to Reinout, "although I see no reason for your doing so, then memoirs are best." Reinout waded through a certain number of Court memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and very queer information he got out of them.

But M. de Souza did not only acquaint him with the evil side of the old régime. This cavalier of the old school had its virtues as well as its vices. He had its code of honor—not a perfect one, perhaps, but far better than anything the boy could have learnt from his father. "Never do anything mean to a woman"—he might have added: "except under the cloak of 'love,'" for that was what he meant. "Never be afraid of any man." "Never do anything you need be ashamed of"—that sounds well, but many an unworldly soul might be surprised to hear of what things the chevalier was not ashamed. Self-stricken of misfortune, he taught his generous-hearted pupil to respect and, if possible, to relieve it. "A gentleman should not save, but spend," the old spendthrift was never tired of repeating; "wisely, if possible, and, if not possible, ill. Money must flow, or it freezes." And he would tell again the story of the Duc de Richelieu and his grandchild.

The result of this peculiar training was a little aristocrat, heart and soul, face and bearing, manners and speech, a boy of fourteen with much of the profoundly ignorant "knowledge of the world" of a roué, and no less of that unasked, good-natured pity for the vague millions outside its circle which is built up on unmerited contempt. He was profoundly ignorant of the real lights of life, standing as he did, from childhood upwards, under the glare of its wax candles, but he was eager, intuitively, to love, to help, to be of use by word or deed. And he remembered the words of the old Belgian gentleman: À gentilhomme devoir fait loi. And in the far distance he caught the vague music of their meaning, like the roar of a slowly approaching tide.

CHAPTER IX.

DISEASE

"Antoine!"

"At your orders, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Hist! You take a delight in disobeying me."

"But I had understood that, when we were alone—"

"You had understood nothing. You never understand."

"If Monsieur wishes to have his title ignored, what of these?" As he spoke, the man carelessly fingered one of the many gold-stoppered bottles which he was arranging on the shaky little side-table. Cool impudence and indifference were written in every line of his shaven face.

"True," said his master, pensively. "Lock the things away, and have new ones from Amsterdam. How much can they cost? A thousand francs, at the utmost. Find out an address, and write to-day."

"As it will please Monsieur. But when Monsieur remembers that all his underclothing is dotted over with the sign of his exalted rank, I would ask myself—"

"Well, get other things."

"I would ask myself if Monsieur considers it worth while."

If the man had looked for a storm of abuse, he did not get it. "Push forward that table," said the Marquis. "Place the morphia-injector where I can reach it. And give me 'Les Mémoires de Cocodette.' So! Now go down into the village and find out all about it."

"But it is pouring with rain, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Can I not see? Go down into the village and find out all about it."

The valet slunk towards the door. His master called after him. "I desire to know, especially, the name of the seigneur of the village. In whose carriage was I brought here last night?"

"That I can tell already to—to Monsieur. The name is Rexelaer."

"Ah! Well, find out the rest." The Marquis remained alone.

It was a poor apartment enough, even for a village inn. Strangers did not stop at Deynum. The place was one to feed your horses at before you hurried on. And the chubby-faced peasant hostess had been far more put out than pleased by the arrival, in her Lord's own carriage, of the distinguished invalid and his still more terrible serving-man. She had hurriedly prepared her own sitting-room—a secret never to be divulged—while the Marquis lay gasping, amid fumes of cheap gin and cheaper tobacco, in the hurriedly deserted parlor below.

The whole bedroom was full of indefinable odors, not especially evil, but suggestive, generally, of old clothes, and hard labor, and mustiness. There were little windows everywhere, unfit for airing, that yet let in marvels of draught. The bright-red beams of the ceiling lay heavy on your head. A great bedstead with faded green curtains (of quite a different shade from the green strip of carpet) stood against one side of the wall, opposite two bad prints from fine pictures of the Holy Family. So far there was nothing at which you could take offense. But in the middle of it all was suspended a truly painful object, the joy of its possessor's heart, a brand-new paraffin lamp of the commonest make of cuivre poli, highly wrought in flowers and faces, and surmounted by a pale-green globe with a pink paper border. It hung there crooked and greasy, odorous and two-and-sixpenny, unusable though filled to overflowing, an insult to the honest deal tables and rush-bottomed chairs upon which it looked down.

But the Marquis noticed none of these specifically; he only realized an unendurable discomfort. He lay back in a

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common but comfortable wicker chair, his tall and elegant figure wrapped in a white plush dressing-gown faced with silk. And he was as carefully oiled and brushed as ever.

He was thinking of himself. He had rarely thought of anything else for more than seventy years. But never had he had sadder subject for his cogitations than now. During a few moments, certainly, his mind lingered over the name which Antoine had flung to him in departing. There rose up before him a memory of a dusty road in the glare of a July sun, and a little fellow seated in the middle of it, across his hoop, white and hot, shamefaced but triumphant. Of course it must be so. He had understood the connection at once. That he should come to this place, of all others, to die!

"That dog, Antoine, smelt death," he said aloud, "or perhaps I should not have told him. Yet I don't know. Great God, I am all alone in the world!"

His life had been a long one, crowded with incidents which had interested him absorbingly at the time of their occurrence. In the seventy-three years of its duration not so much had happened as in the last twenty-four hours. And this much he now understood of time and eternity, that the longest period of the longest life is the moment in which it ends.

He was a great noble. He had lived the little round of his class: horses, women, shooting, cards, women, horses, shooting, women, cards. He had been in the diplomatic service for a certain period: that only meant larger experience in the women of various nationalities; and he had graced during many years the presidential chair of the Society for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses: that meant a certain amount of betting, but he was rich and could afford it. In fact, he had done his duty to his King, his Country, and himself. He had done more than his duty, for he need not have patiently suffered banishment to Madrid, where the cuisine did not agree with him, nor need he have kept so many race-horses in the interests of agriculture. Even had he confined himself to the round above mentioned, he could still have proved himself—what he was—a great noble.

There was the incident of the Marquise. How small it looked now! For there had been a Marquise, who had spread her existence through no less than twenty-seven years of his life. He had hated her, because she had borne him no children, to be great nobles like himself. He had never paused to question his hatred, he, the roué, who had married a young girl. He did not think she had much to complain of: he seldom objected to her doing what she chose. She had been only an incident. He forgot her.

And his life, as has been said, had been very full, crowded with the labor of each day's many pleasures. He looked down it now, and he could distinguish nothing. He could not even remember any point of especial interest. Ah, yes, there was that—when he was quite a young lad—that innocent little girl who—whom—. He took up the book of dirty stories from his lap and began to read.

And this is what he read. A dull weight always there. At first the thought that it must be fancy. The question: Do I really feel it? Then, with increasing iteration: Do I not feel it? There it is again. I never felt anything like it before. I wonder what causes it. Something indigestible I must have eaten. But I never knew things to be indigestible before. I never was ill before. I am not ill now.

Of course not. But why this deadly feeling of sickness which keeps creeping up without any apparent reason? Why that sudden fainting at the club, which proves my fancy not fancy but fact?

He laid down the book at the unturned page, and sat staring through the narrow, muslin-curtained window at the steady rain outside. The elms on the village green swayed cheerlessly under the lowering sky.

When was it that the stern reality had first seized him by the throat? Ages ago. Life is long, after all, when we look back upon it. Immensely long. The summer before last? Last summer.

How annoying it had all seemed at the time! But his doctor had promised to cure him in a month or two. He had always kept a doctor, like a chaplain, without requiring either.

Then had come that first attack of pain. How that had suddenly altered the whole face of the matter! How furious he had been with the numskull who had allowed his indisposition to spread so far! He had hurried to Brussels to consult a great authority—a great name, at least! He had learnt that he was suffering from inflammation, possibly a tumor—a *what*, great God?—yes, probably a tumor. Oh, nothing to be alarmed at, Monsieur le Marquis.

"But my habits, my daily—ahem!—duties! How, with your ridiculous diet of slops, can I go out to dinner, as I am accustomed to do five days of the seven? And the little suppers which—enfin!—which occur in the existence of a man of the world? I should have to be very ill indeed, and I am not, before I could submit to such a life as you propose."

"Monsieur le Marquis, you are not very ill, but you are ill enough to render my régime absolutely imperative. Absolutely imperative."

"Is my illness dangerous?"

"Not yet."

"Ah! But, professor, are you not mistaken about the tumor? The fool who prescribed for me has allowed a chill to settle down into a chronic catarrh. A friend of mine has much the same symptoms as myself, and he suffers from a chronic catarrh."

"Monsieur le Marquis, I am sorry to say, you must not treat this affection too lightly. I will not answer for the consequences if you do."

Of how little importance it all seemed to him now! A week ago it had come upon him as the greatest catastrophe of his life. To have something serious the matter with one—well, not exactly serious, but "requiring care." To have to change one's whole mode of life—for a time, of course, on one's body's account. How vexatious! And he was only seventy-three, while Prasly-Latour had celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday last August in perfect health. The fates were unjust.

All this was vague and far-away. His whole previous existence was but a thin dash, as a prelude, leading up to yesterday, a blot, a full-stop.

After two more attacks of fierce spasms he had made up his mind to know what was really wrong. Why this constant giddiness? Was his brain diseased also? He would go into a foreign country, where he would be free to speak. Amsterdam was close by; some one had recommended a professor at Amsterdam, who had cured somebody else of a swelling somewhere. He went to Amsterdam.

Why had he insisted upon this man's laying bare the whole truth? He did not really want to know it. He would much rather not have known it. Oh, the blessed ignorance of yesterday morning! Oh, the blessed cruel doubt of yesterday morning! Oh, the happiness of that torturing "Is it?" compared with this irrevocable "It is"!

He had come out from that chamber of judgment with but one idea—escape. Anywhere, away from the truth, from himself. Not back to old acquaintances, familiar faces, how are you's—I hope you're better; come and dine. Anywhere, into some quiet corner, unknown, to hide his suffering in a hole, like a cat or a dog. It was chance that had prevented his going further than Deynum. He had intended to push on—somewhere—into Germany—miscalculating his strength.

He knew little of illness, but of *this* illness he knew. He had seen it take its course in his wife. Yet, he now told himself, her symptoms had been so different. All the preliminaries of his own case had been omitted: only the final agony had come, sharp and swift. It never occurred to him what she might have endured in silence. He cursed his fate which dealt more hardly with him.

He shuddered. The horror of a continuous, hopeless agony was upon him. Nonsense, he was exaggerating. She had not really suffered so much. She seldom complained. He did not remember any very terrible paroxysms. And yet he had received a general impression, from doc-

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tors and nurses, from occasional sights and sounds—still, he may have exaggerated. He regretted that he had not asked her oftener about her sufferings. He would have known better now.

There were maladies in which you suffered more than in cancer. There must be. He tried to think of them. He might have been a lifelong leper, like his friend the Duke. He tried to feel thankful that he had not been a lifelong leper.

He broke into a horrible laugh. And then again he took up the book. For *one* thing he was thankful—that last night had come to an end, and that it was day again, wet and miserable, but day.

CHAPTER X.

A SHEPHERD AND TWO SHEEP

Meanwhile Antoine wandered disconsolately to and fro in the solitary village street, his trousers turned up to an unnecessary degree, his shiny umbrella dripping low over his bended shoulders.

"Ah, your turn has come at last, has it, old ten per cent.?" he murmured over and over again, with quiet glee. "Great lords kick everybody under them, and the greatest lord is Death," he chuckled. He had an unpleasant way of chuckling internally, with melancholy, long-drawn face. The idea of the impending catastrophe appeared to afford him distinct satisfaction. He gave it utterance, letting it linger on his tongue, like a lozenge, as an antidote against the damp.

He stopped to stare along the deserted road.

"A pretty name," he said, speaking of the village. "And, for the rest, beastly—like many a girl."

Meditating thus, in a manner worthy of his philosophic mind, he dribbled down a little lane, which seemed to lead nowhere. "In ten minutes more I shall go back," he resolved, "and shall tell the old fellow anything he may care to believe. What's the use of his stupid questions? To-morrow, at the latest, we move on."

At this moment an energetic tapping caused him to lift the umbrella off his ears. He had reached a low tenement which stands well hid behind an overcrowded strip of garden, winking, as it were, with one eye over a tall box hedge. If you look at it closely, you will see that it is a little more pretentious than its—distant—neighbors in its simple unpretentiousness. It is larger and, if possible, neater, and one or two concessions have been made in erecting it to other considerations than those of the barest utility. "Erecting" is an incorrect word; it lies prone beneath the trees. And just now it was a thing of most wondrous beauty to gaze upon, for the whole irregular length of its mixed-up apartments and out-houses was ablaze, like a magnificent sunset, with the all-luminous death of a great Virginia creeper. Antoine saw nothing of this, not even the glittering eaves, till he had found a little gate to peep through.

"Presumably meant for me," he said. "Whoever she is, she must be hurting her hand. I hope she's young."

The knocking increased in energy.

"I fear not," sighed Antoine, still peering under his umbrella. "No woman under forty would knock as loud as that."

The knocking ceased, and a portly figure in black appeared at the door—a low door, half hidden under a porch. The figure was making signs with the pipe, across the mists of rain.

"An old one, of course; like my luck," grumbled Antoine, who was near-sighted (ocularly only). "Well, a glass of cognac will not come amiss this damp morning."

"Push it!" shouted Father Bulbius in Dutch, with violent gestures of both arms and the pipe. Then he cried: "Pussy!" which is French, and means the same thing.

"Yes, you may yell, old lady," muttered Antoine, violently jerking the recalcitrant latch. "Hang this gate! Hi, you there, you must come and let me in, if you want me at all!"

He desisted. Whereupon Bulbius, with a mighty resolve, in which courtesy and curiosity triumphed over caution, hitched up his cassock as high as was permissible—a little higher—and, holding it resolutely out on both sides, with the pipe sticking crossways, commenced a gingerly zigzag over the puddles.

"Black!" soliloquized Antoine. "A widow, presumably. Well, widows take most trouble. Here she comes. It is the mountain, evidently, on its way to Mahomet. It is—Good heavens, it is a curé! In this land of all others! But do not derange yourself, Monsieur le Curé!" Then he stood aside, bowing and scraping. "This is Veronica's doing!" gasped Father Bulbius, dropping the skirt he had tucked between his knees, as he rattled at the gate. "She has locked it again."

Even as he spoke another figure, gaunt and terrible, appeared in the doorway, and a big bass voice came booming through the wet. "Is it possible, your Reverence, with your baldness! Is it permissible thus to risk one's health? Ah, but return immediately! Immediately! Besides, it is useless, for *I* have got the key!" And Veronica, the Father's housekeeper (and body-guard) came stalking across with straight, upright jerks like a squirrel.

"Murder will out," snapped Veronica, "but I say, Murder will in. Leastways theft." She unlocked the little gate with the very big key which she held in one bony hand. "Is this—person to come in, your Reverence?"

"Certainly, unless you have left the table loaded with plate," replied the Father, with a timid attempt to banter her.

"There are other valuables besides plate," retorted the woman, with a toss of her head. "You're nearest to your own skin, says the proverb, and I'm sure there's no one else to be near to in this loneliest of lanes."

The priest pushed her aside, a little impatiently for him.

"Enterrez-vous, Mesjeu?" he said, with a polite wave of his hand. The movement drove his long pipe backwards, causing Veronica to start away with a snort and a splash.

"Shall I not derange you, Monsieur l'Abbé?" protested Antoine, bowing bareheaded, but under his umbrella, wherein he distinctly had the advantage of Bulbius.

"Oh no; I am not at all deranged," replied the latter gentleman, and led the way into the house.

"My good Veronica," he said, pausing at the door of his den, "I should like a half-bottle of port."

"There is no more port, your Reverence, and it seems to me that for a man who has been out in the damp, a good cup of coffee—"

"Yes, yes," said the Father, gently closing the door of his sanctum upon her, and motioning his guest to a chair.

There was not, however, a vacant one in the whole little room. From top to bottom the parsonage was a model of primness and cleanly discomfort, angular, empty, white, and cold, with that eternal smell of polish and soap and ubiquitously slippery-sloppery in which the soul of the Dutch housewife delights. But to the rule of this general unhabitability one exception had perforce been established. The priest had made a stand with regard to his own little study. On the first day of the month he permitted his housekeeper to enter and "clean" it, deserting it himself during twenty-four hours. When this compromise was proposed to her as the result of long weeks of battle, ruse, and subterfuge, Veronica first resigned her post, and then, as the Father remained unexpectedly firm, herself. She found some consolation in ceaselessly ascribing all the ailments she invented for him to the unhealthy condition of his apartment. And, seeing that an indolent man always makes far more litter than a busy one, the sanctum, as inspected from outside the window, must have caused agony to a swept and straightened mind like Veronica's. Father Bulbius never picked up anything—and he had an aptitude for letting things fall—nor did he ever replace a book, or whatever else he had taken down, unless there was an opportunity for putting it sideways, or topsy-turvy.

He now hurried to an easy chair—all his chairs bore that name, and deserved it—and, knocking off a dusty pile of newspapers with one hand, while he hastily passed a slip of his cassock across the seat with the other, he apologized in broken French for the delay. Then he waddled to a cupboard, from which he carefully extracted a quart bottle

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and two small glasses. These he held up to the window with a smile on his broad face which seemed to pour a sudden flood of sunshine over the rain-oppressed little room.

"You are doubtless," he said, "the stranger of yesterday. I was anxious to afford you, sir, a shelter from the wet. I regret that crcumstances rendered this difficult." He stammered out his words under a hail storm of mistakes, but we will not delay ourselves with the mistakes and stammering of others.

"I am the servant," said Antoine, humbly, "of Monsieur Farjolle."

"I know. That is what I meant," replied the Father, hastily, filling the glasses. "I have some decent cognac here. In spite of my housekeeper's objections, I occasionally take a little as a remedy against the damp."

Loripont was amazed by the quality of the liquor. Trust a gentleman's gentleman to know. But the truth is, Father Bulbius loved good tobacco, good drinks, and good humor. For the rest, the world might wag as it listed. And the worst thing in it to wag was his housekeeper's tongue.

"Monsieur your master, he is better this morning, I hope?"

"He is very ill, Monsieur le Curé," said Antoine, solemnly.

"So I hear. So I hear," murmured the priest, mournfully shaking his fat chin over his elevated glass. "I hope, my dear friend, that—" He hesitated. He was going to say "that he is prepared," but he felt this to be still too early a stage of their interview—"that you approve of the brandy," he said.

"It is most excellent, Monsieur le Curé."

"We owe it, like most good wines, to your beautiful country, Monsieur," said the Father, lovingly rocking the golden liquid against the light.

Antoine was silent. His master had expressly commanded him to disguise their nationality. Belgium is so small and so close by.

"For you are a Frenchman, I presume?" added Bulbius.

"I am a Belgian, Monsieur le Curé," replied Antoine, who could lie to anybody on earth excepting to a priest.

"A Belgian—ah!" The Father paused, apprehensive of a presence at the door.

"Here is the coffee," came from the passage in sepulchral tones. "Will your Reverence take it, as I am not permitted to intrude?" And a tray was propelled through the narrowest aperture imaginable, with a brusqueness which gave to the very cups an attitude of defiance, as they jumped to the jerk.

"Nice warm coffee," said Bulbius, meekly, in closing the door.

Loripont dropped a scrutatory glance through the depths of the too transparent liquid, which glance went down deep into the Father's heart.

"But she cooks with great care," replied the Father, apologetically, "the dishes she likes. She says her instinct advises her what is wholesome. My instinct"—his eyes twinkled—"is invariably wrong, she says. But this is ungracious," he cried, suddenly, "and, to a stranger, offensive. It is right I should not care too much about eating, and Veronica's peculiarities, I trust, will be looked upon up yonder"—he pointed to the ceiling—"as something of an excuse for the quality of *this*"—he ticked his fat finger against his glass.

"But your Reverence is very comfortable here," replied Antoine, a little ironically. "I see you have farm-buildings attached."

"Ah, that was unavoidable. I have to occupy my housekeeper. If you are married, you will know that a woman devotes at least all her spare time to her neighbors' affairs—a dangerous quality in the house of a parish priest. Veronica is always complaining that she has too much to do. So she has, although, by the by, she insisted on getting the cows, when I was ordered fresh milk. It is necessary that she should have too much to do. And, besides, the grievance keeps her in a pleasantly bad temper. She would not, for the world, do less."

Antoine Loripont smiled. He had an immense veneration for the clergy, which was altogether independent of their personal faults or peculiarities. It rested solely on the consideration that, if death should happen to be, not an *impasse*, but a passage (so he expressed it), the guards at the further gate would wear the livery of the Pope. "Pour s'assurer une bonne place au spectacle," the fellow said, brutally, "il faut avoir de bons amis dans les coulisses." And he was superstitious, with all the superstition of a weak cynic and evil-liver.

The guest's smile recalled Father Bulbius, already half ashamed of his garrulity. But, oh, the splendid opportunity for pouring out pent-up grievances into patient ears that, on the morrow, would bear them hundreds of miles away! He could not have ventured to speak thus fearlessly of his "house-cross" to the family at the Castle. The smaller our world is, the larger are its ears.

"I am breaking the ninth commandment," he now confessed, with rueful countenance. "And worse. In those days a man's neighbor alone was protected; it was deemed incredible that one should speak evil of those of his own house."

And to himself he added: "You who are yearning to pump this stranger, who called him in on purpose, you accuse others of being busy-bodies. Oh, Bulbius, you hypocrite, I shall punish you as you deserve!" He took out a little, much-faded pocketbook from beside his bulgy breast. In this little book he carefully made a little note. It was his record of penances, and whenever he realized that he had wronged a fellow-creature, he wrote down a punishment for himself in it. Let it be hastily added, for the benefit of those who feel an affection for the poor old Father, that the self-inflicted penances were not overwhelmingly heavy. He did not scourge himself, for instance. He had tried it once, gently, but found that it hurt.

Loripont's keen eye watched the little book with great interest. It recalled to him his own daily dealings with the Marquis. "You have other intercourse, however," he said. "The carriage which so kindly brought my master from the station—" And the Father's stream of chatter babbled over into another channel, and he sang the praises of Deynum and the baronial house of Rexelaer. "An oasis," remarked Antoine, "in this wilderness infested by the Gueux."

"True," replied the Father, demurely. "Yet I have known Protestants who were good men." He was not going to allow a Belgian to abuse Hollanders in his presence. "The pity is that they refuse to be converted; at least, so I have often been told. Help yourself, my friend."

"I will take a drop more of this coffee, with your Reverence's permission," replied Antoine, reaching over for the cognac-bottle and grinning in the Father's face.

Then he rose. "You will not be here for any time?" queried Bulbius, who had really got nothing out of the stranger after all.

"Oh, no; we shall probably be leaving to-night."

"But your master! He is dyimg. Should he have any need of spiritual comfort—"

"I grieve to say, Monsieur le Curé, that my master is an atheist and an infidel."

Father Bulbius heaved a deep sigh as he accompanied the faithful son of the Church to the door.

In the porch Antoine stood still.

"Infidels, Monsieur le Curé, when they die, go to hell, do they not?"

The priest wagged his head to and fro. "Undoubtedly," he said—with great hesitation.

"Then my master, when he dies, will go to hell?" persisted Antoine.

"Let us hope he will not die an infidel," said Bulbius, gently. "Poor fellow, you must implore the Virgin for him. You are a good man. If you stay, come and see me again."

"Your Reverence—if your Reverence has not caught cold already—" cried a sonorous voice from the kitchen.

The Father fled back to his room.

[To be continued]

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The Home

The Mirror of Life

Life is cumulative. The beginnings are our inheritances; the end, inheritance plus the training of our parents and ourselves. We all know that self-discipline is a most tremendous force in the development of character. One of the saddest sights that we are forced to witness is that of a nature which for want of self-discipline has wasted its best elements. There are people who are never disciplined naturally; they recover from each experience of life showing no trace of the experience. It is not rebellion, nor is it deep suffering, that makes them seem callous; it is the refusal to submit to the law of life; they know no law but their own impulse. Such natures rarely have wills. They are governed by impulse. The feeling of the moment is the motive for the act. Every one must suffer, and the unfortunate thing is that usually those with such natures find each some one person who will be the target for their bad temper and bad manners; these endure until death relieves them of the necessity of enduring. It is not cruelty that makes these self-centered mortals brutal, but selfishness. They cannot conceive that there should be any interest paramount to theirs; any duty but that of ministering to what they believe is their need. Probably the good that such people do is to rouse the observer to habits of self control. Introspection is not healthful. It is not wise for a man to sit with his fingers on his pulse; but if he believes, or suspects, that his condition is not normal, it is well for him to take cognizance of his condition.

A very fine example of these self-centered natures is Mrs. "Gen," in "Horace Chase." She sacrifices her husband's life to her own ends. When "Grand" breaks through her magnificent self-control in the depths of her woe, and speaks some truths to that woman of will, it is an absolute relief. How one envies "Grand" the freedom that belongs to the world of fiction; so often in life such heroic measures would mean the winning of some natures from the results of thoughtless selfishness and want of discipline.

The end of life is character. Surely it is worth striving for. When a man or woman finds that middle life is coming on, and that friends do not grow more fond, that they are held on sufferance, not by love, it is time for such a one to analyze, to seek a solution of that solitariness that indicates lack of responsiveness.

A Visit to a Harem

By Gene H. Underwood

We had been in Egypt for some months, floating up and down the dreamy old Nile, luxuriating in the warm, dry, sunny midwinter weather and the constant blue sky above us, and never wearying of the sense of remoteness from the modern world of life and action.

"But," said I, one evening, as we sat upon the deck of our dahabeah in the soft starlight, "we have never yet seen the interior of a harem."

"And it would be disgraceful to go back to America and acknowledge *that* fact, after a *whole winter* in Egypt!" exclaimed the emphatic little lady whom we called "Madam Energy" from her perseverance in all sightseeing.

"Well, well, ladies!" sighed the Philosopher, with a gentle smile of superiority to such a feminine weakness as curiosity, "we shall be in Cairo to-morrow, and there's your chance."

"Of course you cannot accompany us," said I, "having the misfortune to be a man."

"Thank the Fates!" devoutly interposed the lazy member of our quartette, who bore the sobriquet of "Dawdler," from his dislike of all active sightseeing.

And so it came about that Madam Energy and I were left to make our own arrangements for the much-desired visit, which we did by at once calling upon our Consul when we disembarked at Cairo from the Nile voyage.

The Consul sent us to a clergyman, and he in turn to an American missionary, who, having spent many years among the Moslems of Cairo, was well known by all of them, and greatly liked and favored by a few.

This gentleman, Mr. L——, kindly used his personal influence, and, after an interval of a few days, secured us an invitation to call upon the ladies of the harem of Hakeem Kateb, a native physician of high standing.

"How delightful!" I cried, as Mr. L—— told us of his success. "But how can we talk with them? Must we take an interpreter?"

"By no means! You speak French?"

"Poorly," we were forced to confess.

"At least you can meet on that ground," replied our friend, "for these ladies no doubt speak it as well as their native tongue."

The day following that of our invitation was Thursday, but we had been too long in Egypt to call then, knowing that it is the time set apart each week for pilgrimages to the graves of dead relatives who lie buried in the barren Moslem cemeteries.

Friday being the Moslem Sunday, again deferred our visit. Not that the women go to mosque—the religion of the male members of a family appears to be thought sufficient!—nor that the day is observed with any puritanical strictness, but, as it is a general gala-day, and after the hours of mosque service the men of a family are usually at home, of course no stranger would think of calling.

But at last, on Saturday afternoon, with high anticipations of an unusual experience, we started for the home of Hakeem Kateb.

It was in the older—and hence, to foreigners, the more picturesque—part of Cairo; a high house in a narrow, dark, and winding street—more like an alley than a thoroughfare—with many of the projecting latticed windows with which each follower of Mohammed thinks it wise to protect his family's privacy.

We left our donkeys at the door, and as soon as we rang we were admitted by a native servant with many low bows and salaams.

This man showed us into an anteroom so like a small reception-room at home that for a moment we were greatly disappointed, and exchanged a look which plainly said, "And is *this* our dream of an Oriental harem!"

But in another instant we were reassured, for a tall, lithe Egyptian raised the portière, and, bowing low before us, said, "I am the eunuch of the Hakeem Kateb's harem. Will the ladies follow their most humble servant?"

Again we exchanged glances. A eunuch! A real eunuch, and not on the box of a carriage, where hitherto we had always seen them. *This* was indeed a chapter from the Arabian Nights, and our adventure had at last begun!

As you may fancy, we regarded our guide, as we followed him through a long corridor, with more interest than if he had been an ordinary lackey. He was tall and very slender, as all of this strange, hybrid class are said to be, and dressed, as is their universal custom, in plain European costume, except for the Eastern fez—or, as the Egyptians say, *tarboosh*—worn on the head. All other house-servants wear the picturesque native costume of baggy zouave trousers and richly embroidered waistcoats and turbans, with pointed red morocco slippers.

The expression of our eunuch's face was not agreeable, and I never saw one that was. He shared with the others a sly and watchful look most unpleasant to our American eyes.

But our meditations were cut short by the sound of faint music, which ceased as the eunuch raised another silken curtain and announced us to his mistresses. There were two, the Hakeem Kateb's household being what is called

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"a two-wife harem"—two young, beautiful, and gorgeously arrayed women, half reclining amidst all sorts of soft Eastern stuffs and gold embroideries.

For a moment it was hard to speak, so like an unreal dream did it all seem. And then one of the ladies—the elder, I suppose—rose from her broad divan, and, holding in one hand the odd Egyptian instrument upon which she had been idly strumming as we entered, touched with her other hand first her forehead and then her lips and then her heart, in the quaint and Biblical form of Oriental welcome.

The younger woman at once arose and did the same, and then we all seated ourselves on the divans, there being no chairs in the room.

It was the first time that either Madam Energy or I had ever seen an Egyptian woman without her veil, and we were surprised at the beauty of these faces. Broad, low brows; dark, handsome eyes and straight noses; lips a little too full, perhaps, for our Western idea of perfect beauty, but yet lovely in shape and parting in pleasant smiles over rows of perfect teeth. I must confess that the paint and powder used would have been creditable to a Frenchwoman's toilet, and, of course, the finger-nails and the palms of the hands were faintly tinted a reddish brown with henna.

The room in which we were sitting was Eastern enough to gratify even our desires. I wonder if you realize that to an American eye an Eastern room is terribly barren?

The Moslem religion allows to its faithful no pictures, teaching that to make to one's self "the likeness of anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath" is a deadly sin, so the decoration consists entirely of carved woodwork and hangings of different stuffs.

One huge divan ran all around the wall of our friends' reception-room, very broad and uncomfortable to the inexperienced European or American until he learns to coil his feet up under him and "sit like a Turk" among the cushions. A few little low inlaid tables of malachite and mother-of-pearl stood about the room for the reception of coffee-cups, cigarettes, and sweets, all of which are constantly to be found in an Eastern sitting-room.

It did not take us long to gather these details of our surroundings, while our pretty hostesses were regarding us with the perfectly unconcealed curiosity of children, handling our dresses, looking at our gloves, and even curiously touching our boots.

Thus far we had exchanged no further words than the customary "God be with you!" "And with this house!" which we had been taught was the proper reply.

But now these daughters of Mother Eve plunged into a sea of questions, and showed most clearly that the great, unknown world from which they were shut away had for them the keenest interest.

"Where did we come from?" was at once followed by "Oh, *tell* us about America!" and "Do you really mean that in your country each man has but one wife?"

"Do you not think it is better so?" asked I, with ill-concealed compassion.

"No, indeed!" was the hearty and unexpected answer. "It would be so lonely, so sad. Our husband cannot have more than four wives, because the Koran does not permit it; but we often beg him to bring two more to keep us company."

"Have you children?" asked my friend.

"Oh, yes," said the elder wife; "a beautiful boy. We are so proud of our little Mohammed!"

"And no others?" demanded I.

"Three girls. They are of no use."

"Oh, how *can* you say so!" exclaimed I, with horror. "I like girls better than boys."

A perfectly blank look of incomprehension warned me that I had said something very unusual, so I at once turned the subject by asking to see the children—all of them.

They were brought by servants summoned by the eunuch, who, through all our visit, stood just outside the door of the *boudoir*, and was, in his turn, summoned by clapping the hands.

The four dark-eyed, dark-skinned children appeared, the boy the youngest and evidently the idol of both women. I actually could not tell which was his mother, and I hesitated to ask lest even they should be puzzled by the question. The little girls were quiet, shy little creatures, who spoke French prettily, greeted us with graceful little salaams, and evidently stood in genuine awe of their brother, though he was the youngest of all. An incident occurring a few moments later proved my mental theory a correct one.

We had all gone into the garden at our hostesses' request—a high-walled garden where few flowers grew, but many pretty date-palms, banana and persimmon trees.

A garden-hose lay near the flower-bed, and little Mohammed, taking this up, with true boyish instinct, turned the key and deliberately sent a stream of water flying straight into the faces and over the thin frocks of his three little sisters! They, of course, screamed with terror, and, I must confess, I longed to see this irrepressible young scamp meet with the punishment which he so richly deserved at the hands of his mother.

On the contrary, she smiled at him fondly, sent the three weeping children away with their nurses, and said to me, "They are only *girls*, and Mohammed knows it already! Is he not clever?"

I bit my tongue lest I should say what I really thought, and again secretly thanked God that I had been born in a Christian country, where women are of some account.

We soon after returned to the house, where the daintiest of sweetmeats were served on brass trays, Turkish coffee in exquisite little eggshell cups, and a sort of sweetened licorice-water, so sickening to Madam Energy and myself that we only tasted of it.

It is considered a bit of very bad breeding in an Eastern house for a guest to decline anything that is offered him. However, when the cigarettes were passed and our hostesses gracefully lighted theirs, we begged to be excused, on the plea that, never having smoked, it would undoubtedly make us ill.

We paid a long visit—quite two hours, I should say—as we had been warned that this was expected and that it would not do to leave sooner.

The ten-minute call of fashionable high-life with us is entirely unknown in the Orient, where time—not man—is the slave.

Escorted by the tall eunuch, we finally left our Egyptian friends half reclining among the cushions of their divans, with the smoke of their cigarettes curling about their heads, and their pretty faces turned toward us in thanks for a visit which had for an hour or two interrupted the terrible monotony of their lives.

Passing Through the Customs

By Katherine Morris

When once within the borders of Italy, it is better to stay in than to go out into other lands and return—that is, unless you are capable of presenting a perpetually smiling face to the Custom-House officials, no matter how they maltreat your belongings.

We went out of Italy in July and returned in October, and instructive is the tale thereof. Our heavy baggage was sent by slow freight, thereby reducing the expense about one-third; but at the Austrian frontier the trunks and hand-bags that we had with us were all carried into the Custom-House for examination. On the Austrian side it is a mere farce, half the trunks never being opened. It simply gives you the annoyance of getting out of the cars, picking out your possessions from those of all the other passengers, and paying the baggage-carriers for taking them off and putting them aboard again.

When our heavy baggage arrived at its destination, we found that it had been thoroughly ransacked, and repacked not over carefully. Nothing was positively injured except our new broad handsome trunk-straps, which had been ruthlessly cut in two, to save the trouble of unbuckling

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them, and then sewed together with a shoemaker's needle and twine. But when we returned to Italy—ah!

We had bought a dress-pattern of loden, a sort of woolen goods made only in Tyrol, and conscientiously placed it at the top of one trunk, ready to declare it should the question be asked.

As the Austrian officials rarely open even one trunk, we could not know that the Italians would insist upon searching each one to its depths—every article of hand baggage, too. There were many passengers and a long line of trunks. One after another, I unlocked mine, and watched the brown, bejeweled hands poking among their contents. The examination was finished, the train was ready to go, the *facchino* stood beside me with his hands filled with shawl-staps and bags, when way down at the other end of the long line was discovered one unpretending little straw trunk that had been overlooked. It was mine, and contained the loden. "You have nothing in it; nothing, Signora?" asked the officer. I know now that he hoped I would answer "No."

"Yes, I have," was my unexpected reply. "But it is just here on top!" I opened the trunk and displayed my uncut goods.

The train whistled, the official grunted, people jostled past us, and he glared at me. I know now he wanted to say, "Why did you bother about declaring it?" Why did he ask me, then?

He wrenched the loden out of the trunk, and started toward an inner office, bidding me follow. There I was greeted by another official with these words, spoken with excitement and much gesticulation:

"How is this? Just now at the last moment! And the train is ready to go. How is this?"

One man was weighing the goods, another poising a pen in his hand, half a dozen others looking on. In Italy there are always half a dozen looking on.

"Why is this?" repeated the chief officer. "Why do you declare this at the very last moment?"

"Perhaps it would have been better if I had not declared it at all," I said, in my suavest tones.

"But to come at the last moment!" he said again.

"And surely it is not for my pleasure, Mr. Officer, that you ransack my trunks," I reminded him.

Then he looked at me with that air of childlike helplessness so characteristic of Italians.

"But there is no time now to look over your other baggage and see what else you have."

I laughed. "I put this on top and *declared* it. There is nothing else, I assure you. But be tranquil; next time I pass the frontier I will smuggle everything and declare nothing. I promise never to put you to so much trouble again."

A quiver of a smile crossed his lips, but he growled—to save his dignity—"But the train is waiting!"

"Yes," I replied, "and it must still wait until you are pleased to return my goods and allow me to relock my trunk."

The end of it all was that I was bowed out of the office and politely escorted to the train after paying one dollar duty on a four-dollar piece of goods. It is inconvenient sometimes to have been born in a country whose "Father never told a lie," and the reward of such virtue among the Italians is that they set you down for an imbecile.

When our heavy baggage arrived, we were obliged to send our keys by post to Verona, the nearest customs station. I had to go before the Mayor of the town and the Secretary of the Custom-House and make statements to the effect that I had been living in Italy over two years, had been out of the country only three months, and had taken a house for the winter—because Italy lays a tax on *used* as well as on unused articles unless you are taking up a residence of at least six months in the country. Two straight-backed officials in gold braid and cocked hats came to the house to inspect the opening of the boxes. They stood in solemn grandeur while nails were drawn and trunks unlocked. Then each laid an inspectious finger on piles of wearing apparel, sniffed a little, and allowed me to pay them fifty cents for their trouble.

The trunks and boxes had been rummaged and were in dire disorder, but I was amused at the condition of a stateroom trunk which had been devoted to MSS. and letters. Evidently the contents had puzzled them. The carefully sorted MSS. and tied-up letters were lying loose and scattered, sheet by sheet. Had they taken us for wily plotters, political conspirators? *Chi lo sa?* Who can tell?

There is also a small tax on all articles brought into the towns from the outlying farms and villages. On ten dollars' worth of wood one pays a tax of fifty cents. In taking a pleasure drive we bowl out of town by one gate and in at another, to be accosted by an official, who pops out of a tiny office just big enough to cover him, with the question, "You have nothing, Signora?" "Nothing!" we answer, gravely; and neither he nor we laugh at the farce—only we reflect.

It seems sometimes as though the amount collected could not exceed the salaries of the numberless officials, but I am told these petty taxes add largely to the city revenues.

All food-stuffs pay a small fine upon entering the cities. Once in leaving a village on the Apennines we were presented with three pounds of butter by the farm-woman who had supplied us during the summer. We were in the carriage ready to start, but we could not refuse the poor old creature's gift, tendered graciously, so we stuffed the butter into a shawl-strap and journeyed on.

We drove to Pistoja, and upon entering the town were obliged to declare the butter, wait while six men weighed it and six more made out a receipt, and then pay our tax of—two cents!

Next day at Florence we went through the same ceremony and paid three cents. I never could account for the rise in butter over night; it may only have been because Florence is a larger and more important city, and the one cent was tucked on in deference to her dignity.

A Practical Society

Among the women's organizations in the Organizations' Room in the Woman's Building at Chicago is the Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture, one of the many links of the Chicago Woman's Club. The aim of this Society is to educate women to value not only strength but grace; and grace not only of form, but of vesture. The members of this Society have devoted themselves largely to the study of clothes, endeavoring to design dresses that would combine health, grace, and beauty so far as clothes can express this triune ideal of all intelligent women. In a measure, by the designs exhibited by this Society in their room, this ideal has been realized. The limitation of the Society is that patterns are not to be had, nor have they convinced any dressmaker as yet to make a specialty of their method of cutting. The house-dresses shown have everything to recommend them—beauty, lightness, simplicity; in fact, they are so simple that a novice could make them were it possible to secure a paper model. This Society has issued what it calls a Propaganda Envelope, which, besides the club book, contains a number of pamphlets bearing on subjects that command the attention of the Society; this envelope can be obtained by addressing the club in Chicago. The exhibit is in charge of representatives of the Society, who will gladly show models and explain principles.

From the Day's Mail

Dear Outlook:

Cocoa-stains in table-linen can be removed with clear cold water, if used before putting into hot water.

Please tell me in your paper the name of any book explaining the Quincy method of teaching reading to beginners.

H. W.

In Partridge's "Quincy Methods" you will find a discussion of the Quincy method of teaching reading. The

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price of this book, we believe, is $1.75. It is published by Messrs. E. L. Kellogg & Co., of this city.

The College Settlement Association takes pleasure in announcing two Fellowships of $300 each for the year 1893–94. No. 1 is offered by Miss Susan P. Upham, of Boston. The Fellow will be expected to spend thirty-five weeks in residence at the Boston Settlement. No. 2 is offered by Mr. Edward P. Dutton, of Boston, and a friend. The Fellow will be expected to spend twelve weeks in residence at Hull House, Chicago, and twenty-three weeks in residence either in the New York or Philadelphia Settlements, as may seem wisest to the Fellowship Committee.

The Fellowships cover the expenses of residence in the Settlements.

The work of the Fellows will be along sociological lines, and will be directed by the Fellowship Committee. Applications should be made before August 1 to the Chairman of Fellowship Committee—Miss M. A. Knorr, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.—and will be considered in the order in which they are received. Members of the Association will please call the attention of their friends to this offer.

ADALINE E. THOMPSON,
President College Settlement Association.
63 Chestnut Street, East Orange, N. J.

The interest in the classes of the community reached through the efforts of the College Settlement Associations is growing constantly among our young women—the young women who read The Outlook. The Cherry Vale work proves that. The work done for that is the beginning for this larger work that must be supported by our college graduates. The reflex good that comes to the workers in this field is one that has not been given enough prominence. Every woman who gives herself to this work sees its results, not intellectually only, but in a deepening of character. She learns lessons in self-control, in patience, in faith, that lay the foundation for noble womanhood.

"M. B." asks The Outlook to give the name of the best training-school for nurses. That is impossible. There is no best. There are differences, degrees of value, but there is no one school that even its own graduates would decide was entitled to that claim. You ask for books to assist you to fit yourself for a trained nurse. Books cannot fit you; practice, experience, make a trained nurse, and these can be obtained only in the wards of a hospital. The senses, the nerves, need the experience that actual contact with sick, diseased, and injured people will give. It is only in practice in a hospital ward that one learns to meet emergencies calmly.

You are mistaken in saying that insurance companies make an extra charge where gasoline is used. *No extra charge* is made in the Middle or Western States, and I do not think any extra charge is made in New York or the East. Any stove-dealer can inform you, doubtless, but I am very sure I am right. I *know* it is the fact in reference to most of the United States, and believe it is so also in New York, that no extra charge is made. Those who wish to use gasoline stoves must get a *permit* from the insurance agent who insures the property, but there is no expense to it. The permit regulates the storage of the fluid, just as the use of kerosene is regulated in insurance policies.

N. D. W.

Vacation Fund

Previously acknowledged	$518 74
W. E. D., Stafford Springs, Conn.	2 69
A Friend, Ohio	2 00
Worcester	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. S., Syracuse, N. Y.	10 00
A Friend, Amherst, Mass	19 00
Mrs. C. M. M., Englewood, N. J	5 00
Inasmuch Circle of King's Daughters, Middlebury, Vt.	10 00
Mrs. A. McN., New York City	2 00
A. E., Lawrence, Kan	5 00
Loyal Seed Sowers' Circle King's Daughters, New Haven, Conn	25 00
S. B. M., New London, Conn	20 00
M. L. O., Syracuse, N. Y.	5 00
C. E. D., Torpedo, Pa.	2 00
E. A. M., New York, N. Y.	25 00
A Lover of the Country	10 00
Total	$662 43

Rosy-cheek and Curly-head

By Edgar Wade Abbot

When I go home, this welcome waits
  Each evening when the day is fled:
The pattering of little feet;
Then clinging arms, and kisses sweet
  From Rosy-cheek and Curly-head.

They come with shouts of rioting;
  They're laughing so they scarce can speak!
A pair of highwaymen are they;
And I, an easy-yielding prey
  To Curly-head and Rosy-cheek.

But curly heads will sometimes ache,
  And fill our souls with sudden dread;
And roses fade, while hearts stand still.
Oh, may there come no touch of ill
  To Rosy-cheek and Curly-head!

God bless all little cheeks of rose!
  Where'er they bloom, thy sunlight shed!
Bless little heads of rippling hair!
Oh, take into thy tender care
  Each Rosy-cheek and Curly-head!

The Making of a Whip

By Martha Clark Rankin

To most people a whip does not suggest a whale; and yet, nowadays, Leviathan is hunted in the deep largely in the interests of the whip manufacturers. Whalebone is a familiar article to everybody, and was formerly considered essential for stiffening dress-waists and hats, as well as for making umbrellas, canes, ramrods, and many other things. But, with a rapidly increasing demand and a decreasing supply of whales, it became necessary to find a substitute for this useful article. The matter did not prove difficult in most cases; but none of the various substances thus far experimented with has proved nearly equal to whalebone for the center of a whip, and whip-makers are watching the annual reports of the whalers with some anxiety.

Most of us know that whalebone is a misnomer, as it is not really bone at all, but a horny substance which takes the place of teeth in the mouths of some varieties of whale. It acts as a strainer, so that when the water is expelled from the jaws of the whale, the little fish and other small animals which form his food are retained. Baleen, which is the proper name for this substance, is not found in all whales: the right whale, Greenland, finback, humpback, and Cape whale all contain it, but that found in the bowhead is considered the most valuable. The papers report $13,250 a ton as this year's wholesale price of whalebone, the retail price being ten dollars per pound. One can readily see that it is too valuable to be used in any but the best whips.

There is another substance far more extensively used in whip manufacture, and that is rattan. This is a product of the East Indies, and immense quantities are yearly shipped to this country from the port of Singapore, a large proportion going directly to Westfield, Massachusetts, which is the center of the whip industry, and might be appropriately called the "Whip City."

It was 'way back in 1808 that whips were first made in Westfield, and then hickory was used for the stocks and horsehide for the lash. Little by little this rough goad was improved upon, by making better stocks, covering them with cotton thread, braiding the lashes, then combining the stock and lash and covering throughout, and by the invention of one labor-saving machine after another. Three generations of some Westfield families have been active in this development, and those now working feel almost a personal pride in the fact that their town makes more whips than all the rest of the country together. As

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it is not necessary to put on French labels, as they do on gloves, in order to sell them, one need only examine the whips offered for sale, wherever he may go, to be convinced of Westfield's pre-eminence in this respect. There are more than half a hundred factories, some of which employ three hundred and fifty workers.

In the largest one, which was also the pioneer, two million five hundred thousand whips are made annually, and, when pressed with orders, it is possible to turn out fifteen thousand in a day. Seventy-five women are kept busy in addition to all the men, but their wages do not average over seven dollars a week. An immense variety of whips is made, from the cheapest, selling at fifty cents a dozen, to the silk-covered gift whip which, with its gold and diamonds and elegantly carved ivory handle, costs a round thousand dollars.

For the making of these whips, besides the whale and the rattan jungle, the manufacturer demands "the gut of a cat, a hickory grove, a cotton plantation, the product of a flax field, mulberry-trees and silkworms, a forest of rubber-trees, the hide of the buck, fossil gum from Africa, linseed oil, iron, paint, the tusks of the elephant, the hoofs of animals, precious stones, gold, silver, and various alloys, the art of the turner and designer in metal, and many ingenious machines."

Simple as is a finished whip in appearance, its manufacture involves many processes, some of them ingenious and intricate. When the whalebone reaches the factory, it is in large slabs shaped like a dirk knife-blade. These are cut in strips with a spoke-shave, but, of course, no two strips can be alike, nor is any one of uniform thickness. All must be carefully squared, rounded, tapered, and pointed before they can form the centers of whips. This is a work of time and skill, requiring an expert workman, who accomplishes it with the aid of a hand-plane and sandpaper. If a bungler should attempt it, the result would be a "kicking whip"—that is, one that jerks in a zigzag direction when used, instead of following the straight course. In place of whalebone, the center may be made of rawhide or rattan which has also been accurately tapered and polished.

The rattan comes in large bundles, each cane being about fifteen feet long and half an inch in diameter, and covered with a hard glaze which is at once stripped off. Like the whalebone, it must be assorted as to size, length, and quality. Some of the canes are squared for centers; others are cut diagonally in two lengthwise, giving a large and small end to each, for "sidings;" while some of these are split once more, making "chinks."

The straight whip, which is pre-eminently an American product, consists of nine pieces: the square center, four sidings, and four chinks, these latter being always made of rattan. A "full-bone" whip has the whalebone center extend to the handle, but it often extends only a quarter of this distance. The nine pieces are carefully arranged, with the large ends of the sidings down, so as to form a long, tapering stick; stout hickory and an iron spike form the handle, and serve to weight it. Strong glue is necessary to hold these parts together, and its application leaves the stocks rough and gummy. A turning-lathe is used to smooth and taper them, and what it fails to do another machine called a "rounder" accomplishes. Then, to keep out dampness, they are treated to a coat of waterproof paint, and later covered with tinfoil, buckskin, or linen.

The plaiting-machine, which does the next work, is a most ingenious contrivance. The whip hangs in the center of the machine, and is made to rise slowly and regularly by weights. Twenty-four bobbins travel around the outer part of the machine in a zigzag track, twelve going one way and twelve the other, alternating in and out, thus crossing the threads and forming a plait around the whip from the small to the large end. One girl can attend to five of these machines at once—quite a contrast to the slow and laborious hand-plaiting of former days.

The whips are now once more dipped in glue, rounded, polished, and painted, till a tyro could hardly believe they were plaited. Then comes the ornamentation. The cheapest styles have plain japanned or metal caps, but rubber makes a far better finish and is also a noiseless cushion when the whip is dropped into its socket. "Buttons," as they are called, are used for the finish of the handle in many styles. For the thread-button linen thread is glued in strips, then woven into place with the aid of a needle; while, in the ring-button, wicking is rolled around the whip, wet, and pressed.

Brass, nickel, silver, and gold are used in making mounts for the whips, and this branch of the business is quite distinct, being really that of a manufacturing jeweler, for which are required a brazing furnace and plating batteries, as well as dies and tools for all kinds of machine and hand chasing.

Now, at last, the whip is ready for the snap—apparently an insignificant thing, yet requiring the same care and skill which the other parts have received. The snaps may be plaited, as was the covering of the whip, and fastened securely to it by a loop; or they may be twisted in the same way that rope is made, and wound around the whip by hand.

At the end of all these processes the whip is finished; but as it shows some evidences of handling, it must be carefully straightened once more. It is then varnished, labeled, and packed, and may be shipped from Westfield to almost any part of the world.

When we think of the thousand styles of whips made at a single factory, and remember that from beginning to end the materials are handled a hundred and fifty times, we shall regard the whip and its manufacturers in a new light. And when we read in a society paper that "Miss Van Valkenburgh is the finest 'whip' at Newport this season," or find D'Israeli calling his coachman a "whip," we shall not quarrel with the metonymy which puts in place of the person an article so carefully and ingeniously contrived. After all, is it not the whip which gives an air to the equipage, and style to the one who handles it?

"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—IV.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not. —*Old Song.*

The cheers for Tom's flag had scarcely died away when they suddenly swelled again into loud acclamations as the men caught sight of a slight figure walking leisurely along the road from Bunker Hill, heedless of the sweeping balls.

"Warren! Warren!" yelled Tom. "Warren! Warren!" the men shouted after.

His coming seemed to put new courage into every heart. Entering the inclosure, he stood among the worn and dust-stained officers, dressed as for a festival. Colonel Prescott, who had drawn a long white linen garment, looking very much like a duster, and called a "banyan," over his uniform, immediately offered him the command, but although he had that morning received the commission of Major-General, Warren refused, saying simply that he had come to fight in the ranks as a volunteer.

In the meantime Colonel Prescott had sent the artillery with two field-pieces under Captain Knowlton to the stone and rail fence where Tom had hidden earlier in the day. Throwing up a second fence in front of the first and filling in the space between with the cut grass from the fields, Knowlton made a breastwork reaching to the Mystic, seven hundred feet in length. Against it General Howe, the British commander, was then preparing to direct his right wing in person, while General Pigot directed the British left against the redoubt where Tom was stationed.

It was partly ignorance and partly pure animal courage that enabled Tom, musket in hand, to crouch down behind the high embankment and watch coolly as the British troops, loaded with their heavy knapsacks, toiled up the hill, through the long, tangling grass, on the Charlestown side of the fortification. To husband the scanty supply of

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Continental ammunition, Colonel Prescott had given orders that until the whites of the enemy's eyes could be seen not a musket was to be fired, "And then aim at their waistbands!"

On they came in careful precision, glittering in the pomp of war, magnificent in dogged, unreasoning courage, every man a tried soldier, commanded by trained and experienced officers; all that, arrayed against a little band of half-drilled militia and backwoods farmers, led by a few old soldiers, who of late years had been more familiar with acres of corn than with fields of battle.

Steadily the British mounted the hill, hampered at every step by the long, uncut grass, and keeping up a random fire as they advanced.

Silently, but in almost ungovernable excitement, the Americans waited behind their apparently deserted intrenchments.

Crack! Without a word of warning, the young lieutenant who had abetted Tom in the matter of the flag, snatched the musket from the boy's hands, and, after firing it at the enemy, gave it back. Hastily reloading, Tom was preparing to follow his example and repeat the shot, when his gun suddenly flew up in his face, kicked up by an officer who ran around the top of the redoubt, heedless of the fire of the enemy.

"Wait until you see the whites of their eyes!" Colonel Prescott angrily remonstrated; and General Putnam, who had come down from Bunker Hill, threatened, amid a volley of oaths, to cut down the first man that disobeyed. It was horrible to wait thus with the bullets whizzing over them and the British showing nearer at every clearing of the smoke. Tom watched a tall grenadier in the front rank; he could see the gold lace on his uniform; he could see the bright buttons on his coat, and the flash of his grinding teeth as he lifted his musket to aim.

He could see the whites of his eyes! Tom felt as if he were choking.

"*Fire!*"

A sheet of flame and a blare of noise burst from the dumb redoubt. The smoke cleared; they were still coming on—but the tall grenadier was not with them.

Tom raised himself on his hands and knees to the top of the redoubt, and stared in search of the stalwart figure, his eyes big with horror. "Boy, do you want to make a target of yourself?" cried Peter Brown, pulling him down. "Load, load! they will be on us in a minute."

In a frenzy of haste Tom found himself reloading, but the choking in his throat was strangling him; his eyes grew dim, things grew black about him, and his hand trembled.

Another volley from the redoubt; the enemy went down in rows; men, live men, falling like corn-stalks before the sickle. It was horrible; and yet the survivors advanced over them, undeviating.

Another volley—the British wavered. Another—they turned and fled, leaving their dead behind them; and Tom, crying convulsively, threw himself face downward in the fresh-turned earth.

"Are you afraid?" some one touched him on the shoulder.

"No," said Tom, shuddering; "but they are all dead out there, and I—myself—shot—" He buried his face more deeply in his hands.

"Did I not tell you that shooting straight meant something?"

Tom glanced upward; General Warren was bending over him.

"But I did not shoot straight! I fired at his arm, and I was so sure of my aim!" he groaned.

"Is this filling a man's place?" asked Warren, severely. Get up!"

Tom staggered to his feet. "I am not afraid," he protested; but as he spoke a strong shudder passed over him, and he turned an ashen color. Warren looked him keenly in the eyes; he returned the gaze without flinching.

"No," said Warren, "you are not afraid, but the boy's nerves have betrayed you. There is no going back now. You have chosen a man's place—you must play a man's part, and do it well!"

The firm compulsion of his voice steadied Tom; he took up his musket and returned to his post.

On every side the officers were driving the men back to their defenses; for, wild with what they imagined to be a final victory, many had leaped the intrenchments in pursuit of the British, who outnumbered the Continentals at this period of the fight about three to one.

Hot, red, wiping the grimy sweat of battle from their streaming brows, whereon the heavy hair lay wet and matted in plastered streaks, the men gathered panting in the dusty, trampled area of the redoubt, and, taking the ammunition dealt out to them, waited at their posts for what should come next.

There was no time to be lost, as the enemy were rallying for a second attack. They had brought their artillery to within nearly three hundred yards of the rail fence, and under cover of its fire were advancing on the Americans in their previous order.

From the corner where he had taken his stand, Tom saw them start.

"Look at the town!" he cried. "They have fired it in three places!" But as he spoke, the smoke dropped downward and hid the curling flames from view; it rolled up the hill in one rounding billow that seemed to reach the zenith, choking and blinding him with its arid heat, and spreading out over the sky until the diminishing sun shone through it without rays, round and angry, colored like blood.

"They will rush up the hill under cover of this, and try to take us by storm," said Peter Brown, and a horror came down upon Tom. He could scarcely see the other side of the redoubt. All about him the men were coughing and gasping in the stifling atmosphere, and the murk surrounding them was full of death—murderous balls flying, singing a greeting as they crossed each other on their way to destroy. Tom tried to grapple the ground with his feet; he held his gun in the grip of a vise, standing as if turned to bronze. He dared not stir; he dared not even move an eyelid lest it break down his self-control and leave him a prey to overwhelming terror.

"The nerve of a man!" he groaned. "*Give me the nerve of a man!*"

The smoke thickened. Tom could hear Peter Brown's quick, sharp breathing next him; it possessed a contagion of terror.

A hand stole along his arm, gently, for any sudden pressure would have finally wrecked his self-command, and Warren's voice spoke clearly in his ear: "Stand as if the whole fate of the day depended upon you alone; one coward may give us all over to disgrace!"

"*O for the nerve of a man!*" prayed Tom; and then, for the first time that day, came a strong breeze, a breeze from the west, and the reek and smoke of the burning town blew away, far, far out to sea. Tom looked about for General Warren. He was in another part of the redoubt, cheering and encouraging the men.

Firing as they advanced, up the hill again the British were toiling—slipping in the warm, bloody grass, stumbling over the dead as if they had been logs of wood, while the men in the redoubt waited as before—waited until every bullet was sure of its mark before they poured their leaden hail upon the enemy.

Long lines of them fell; here officers were left standing without a man to command; there men hesitated, dismayed at the wholesale destruction of their leaders. The deadly fire of those merciless "country bumpkins," fighting in their shirt-sleeves for their own land, began to carry with it an individuality of terror; each man felt himself the mark of a pair of keen eyes glancing with certain aim along the murderous barrel of the musket. Their confidence was broken. For the second time they broke, and fled in disorder to the shore, where, for a space, the surviving officers tried in vain to rally them.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon; all the roofs in Boston were black with people, and the hills around were covered with spectators who had been standing under the bare blue skies the livelong day, watching this one spot, rolling with smoke, shot with dull red streaks from

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crackling musketry, and reverberating with the hoarse roar of artillery.

The third attack was a long time coming, and gave the Americans ample leisure to look their situation in the face.

Tom, worn out, hungry, and hollow-eyed, stretched himself on the board along the highest of the tier of steps just below the top of the parapet. The powder was being distributed in another part of the inclosure, and Brown, pitying the boy's exhaustion, had gone to get the supply for both. He had been very kind to Tom throughout the day, sharing the scanty loaf of bread which was all that remained at noon of his rations, and allowing him to drink of the meager supply of beer which came over at about two o'clock from Cambridge; but now, as he tendered him his ammunition, Tom looked in amazement at the small iron cup containing a few grains of powder and two or three bullets. "Is that all?" cried Tom. "Why, there is hardly enough for three rounds!"

"It is all there is," said Brown. "See, I have no more myself. They tore up the last artillery cartridges to get this."

Tom thought a moment, and then, climbing down, began to gather the stones that lay thick in the inclosure, and, bringing them up, piled them in a heap at his feet.

Sunday Afternoon

The Forgiveness of Sins

By the Rev. Frederick Palmer[1]

I believe in the forgiveness of sins.—*The Apostles' Creed.*

That is what we say in our Creed every Sunday. We suppose as a matter of course that we believe it. Perhaps we do believe it. But perhaps, when there comes the strain of a great need and we want to lean hard on it, we find that, like other articles of belief which are taken as matters of course, it gives way under us and we are left standing aghast, wondering whether there is such a thing as forgiveness, painfully trying to see what it is and whether, after all, we really do believe in it. For now we see there are times when forgiveness is the only key to unlock the approaches to our fellow-men; and that unless we can understand something of the mysteries of forgiveness the life of Christ must be an utter puzzle to us. And so the matter-of-course article of belief grows in preciousness, like a common stone which we have discovered is a jewel in the rough, and we examine it with a new interest. A part of our interest is from our desire to know how to meet our fellow-men who have trespassed against us or against whom we have trespassed, and another part is our desire to understand Christ—his influence over men and his power of making us at one with our heavenly Father.

At-one-ness—that is the first thing, the great thing we want when intimate friendly relations have been broken—that familiar consciousness of being at one again. You go on day after day in happy union with some dear friend, and suddenly a great chasm of offense breaks in between you. How wistfully you look across its apparently hopeless permanence, and long for five minutes of that old sweet time, so near and yet so infinitely remote, when a complete unconsciousness of your mutual relations bore witness to their loving intimacy! You long to get back to being at one again. Is there no process of at-one-ment?

If you have been the person most sinned against, it is likely that you will be misled into thinking you have nothing to do, but that the offender must make all right between you. If, however, you look more deeply and truly, you will see that you, for your part, must be willing to give up something, and you will perhaps mistake at first what this something is. You will say to your brother who has sinned against you and is longing to be forgiven and restored, "I have, it is true, the power to inflict some penalty on you for what you have done. I may legally arrest you or fine or imprison you. I will not, however, inflict the penalty. You shall go free. But I will take good care that you shall never have a second chance to cheat me. I shall never trust you again."

Would that be forgiveness? Would that be what the longing heart of your penitent brother wants? Would he not say: "Inflict the severest penalty on me the law allows. I shall feel a satisfaction even in every stroke if only I can be sure that the barrier which this sin of mine built up between you and me is broken down; sure that you have given up your right to put me away from you, and have taken me back to your trust and your love again"? Would not the infliction of the penalty be a matter of little importance, of no importance, to a really noble nature weighed down with a sense of its sin?

Often we make a grave mistake here. We suppose that forgiveness means remission of the penalty, and that the bearing of the penalty makes full atonement for the sin. If you should say to a man who has stolen from you, "Yes, I forgive you, but I shall prosecute and imprison you," would he not be apt to think your action contradicted your words? And yet your forgiveness might be quite real. You have given up the attitude of alienation from him you were compelled into, and are now working lovingly for him and with him; and yet you judge it best for the community, best for him, too, that he should taste the full fruits of his sin and pay the legal penalty. That may be the truest forgiveness. In case of a crime in which the community is concerned that is generally the best course. The reason why we feel obliged to remit the penalty is because forgiveness is so difficult that we are often justly suspected of not really forgiving, and so we must remit the penalty to prove our sincerity. And it is by no means the case, as we sometimes carelessly suppose, that bearing the penalty is all that is needed to restore the offender; that a man can buy a sin as he does a house. He must be willing to pay the price—the legal penalty; but when once that is paid all is again as it was before. What a rightful indignation we feel when the absconded cashier coolly proposes to restore what he has stolen and pay the legal expenses, and then have everything go on just as it formerly did! No; the penalty, whether borne or remitted, has really little to do with the forgiveness of the sin.

If I am to forgive, I must be willing to give up something; that we have found. But what is that something? That question has a barbarous answer and a Christian answer. Among barbarous men, whether they lived in former times or are living now, I may lawfully inflict on my enemy the same pain he has inflicted on me: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And if I am at heart a barbarian, I shall feel this infliction of pain on my enemy to be so keen a delight that I shall not be willing to forego it, unless I am bought off with some equivalent. The dragging of the dead body of Hector around the walls of Troy is to Achilles a precious part of his triumph. The giving up, then, of this personal delight in witnessing another's pain is the barbarous conception of forgiveness, if barbarism can be said to know forgiveness at all. And barbarism has succeeded at times in putting its dark conception into many of the doctines of theology; and so men have pictured God's forgiveness as consisting in his reluctantly consenting not to inflict infinite torment on his children because Christ allowed infinite pain to be inflicted on him. All theories of the Atonement which make Christ's sufferings a satisfaction to an angry God are barbarous, and would be blasphemous if those holding them were conscious of their enormity.

That is barbarism's answer to our question. And then there is Christ's answer. See what he gave as he forgave. Take that most wonderful case, where the outcast woman utters no word of penitence, and yet, because Jesus saw the soul's ability to be forgiven, he crowns her with the crown of a full forgiveness: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." How precious those uplifting words must have been to her for ever after! Must she not have felt in them that here was one who saw a degradation, a horror, in her sin such as she had never seen in it? And yet, in the midst of this, must she not have felt

[1] Andover, Mass.

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a loving pity for her, the far-off sinner? felt that those searching, knowing eyes saw that she was not utterly worthless, and had trust in a better self lying hidden within her? What an awakening, comforting support that pity and trust must have been! And almost as great a comfort, too, must have been this sight of the evil of her sin, which for the first time she gained in seeing it as Jesus saw it. For to see facts as facts, whatever the inference, is always comforting. And so, penitent or not hitherto, she rose to receive the divine forgiveness, and in rising became worthy of it.

That is Christian forgiveness. The old idea of giving up a private vengeance has vanished, and instead there has come a deep sense of the sinfulness of sin, a loving pity for the sinner, and an insight that can see in him, still undestroyed, a power to rise above his sin.

Does it seem as if, in leaving the idea of vengeance to be given up, we had left the idea of giving up altogether? Perhaps it does seem so when we stand at a distance and coldly analyze the matter. But look at the eager missionary, zealous and self-sacrificing and inextinguishable of hope, as he walks the shores of his desert island or threads the slums of the city. He is bringing the divine forgiveness to men; and does it involve no giving up on his part? Look no further than your own loving pain when your husband or your child has sinned, not so much against you as against manliness, against honor, against that ideal self which makes him dear to you. As you go down after him into his sin, are you not giving up, in order to forgive and reclaim him, all the joy of life? are you not giving your very life-force to save his soul? Yes, your life-force, all that is symbolized by your blood, you must pour out; for "Without shedding of blood is no remission." If you would redeem a soul, you must give yourself for it; Christ reveals that. And this experience flashes its interpretive light back on Christ's life and explains the necessity that made him the Bearer of the sins of the world and its Saviour.

But every one who has longed to forgive his brother and be at peace with him, and at the same time to be loyal to the rightful cause he believed himself upholding in his quarrel, must have met here a difficulty. He has not the slightest desire for vengeance. He has turned away from his brother because he saw in him a gnawing evil—a cowardliness, a lust, a willing baseness. This is a thing he was bound to oppose. He cannot, then, for the sake of peace give up his opposition, for it is not a personal one; he is but the agent in it of a higher Power of righteousness. Even if he should say he would put it aside, it would still be there, just as long as he is loyal to the right and the evil is gnawing at his brother's soul. The only thing that can abolish it is the abolishing of its cause. Until that is removed, he cannot be at one with his brother. His side of the bridge is ready; but the keystone cannot make the bridge complete until something on his brother's side is built up to meet it.

Yes, that is a difficulty in the way of our forgiveness and of God's. The one to be forgiven has a part, and unless his part is performed, the full forgiveness must wait, unmarried and incomplete. Just as love, for the splendor of its full-orbed glory, needs reciprocation, needs one to love and one to return, so forgiveness must be met by repentance, or it must stand ready, calling but unsatisfied. And what is repentance? It is not surely a mere desire to escape punishment. Did you ever look into your soul as it rose from a sin to the dignity of an honest penitence? Then you will remember now, as we said, you welcomed the punishment as helping to express your own newly gained hatred of your sin; now you refused to allow that the sinning you was the real you, but stood up concentrating all your forceful energy into a mighty protest against it: "I will never do that evil thing again; I will be free from its power." How eagerly you looked to your forgiver to see whether he believed you deserving of anything better than contempt! And how, on the one hand, his discerning trust in you revealed a cleaner, larger self as possible for you, or, on the other, his scornful refusal to believe you capable of anything better went far to break down your timid hope, just arising, of the possibility of amendment and uprightness of soul and life! If you have ever passed manfully through such a sinful fall and penitent rising, you will have learned a lesson in spiritual analysis—that repentance involves these three things: hatred of the sin as distinct from the punishment, a determination to amend, and a resolute belief in the possibility of freedom.

We are sometimes amazed at the power of repentance, and we are right. It can do almost anything. But we sometimes fail to see the power of forgiveness. This is Christianity's characteristic discovery; this is the center of the power of Christ. For ages the world had tried to punish men into being good. One code of law after another had stood sternly erect and declared, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." It all was of no use. Men did sin and did die, and the law was justified in its assertions. But something more was needed than the justifying of law; the need was that men should be saved. And then came Christ's wonderful policy of forgiving them; and it saved them, and changed them, and raised them, and made them sit in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. "For what the law could not do," says St. Paul, "God did in sending his own Son." Law was weak; punishment was weak; but forgiveness was mighty to save. How deeply some of the old theologies which discovered this saw into facts! and how utterly meaningless, or else barbarously unchristian, their phrases sound until their point of view is discovered! And yet it is true; the forgiveness of the sinner is substituted for the punishment of the sin. Christ's vicarious sufferings—for the one who brings God's forgiveness must always be plunged by love into the fortunes of the sinner—the sufferings of Christ make an atonement between man and God.

Have we not learned something about forgiveness this morning from studying these cases of forgiving and repenting between man and man? We have not, you see, been able to separate them from repentance and forgiveness between man and God; and it is interesting and comforting that we have not. All relations between God and man are the same as the relations between man and man seen at their highest. And so we may have certain knowledge about the Godward side of them, and get a taste of their joy, by realizing at their best our relations to one another as enemies and friends, parents and children, husbands and wives. How much torment to souls and ecclesiastical persecution would have been spared if men had only perceived this, that God forgives us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us! that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him!

These common facts of forgiveness cast, as I have said, their interpretive light on Christ, and help us to understand why his life was such as it was—wealthy with a sense of God's infinite, just forgiveness for men; joyous with the mission of bringing this good news to them; heavy with the burden of the sins of the world; and ending in rejection and death. It shows us why all this must have been so. We cannot stop to study in detail the application of these great common laws of forgiveness in the case of Christ, but in treasuring the connections we have seen there are two things to be specially noted. One is that forgiveness inevitably involves suffering to the forgiver. It is not every one who has learned this. But you have discovered it if you have ever labored over some loved one who has sunk into sin and been covered up by it into insensibility to his condition. He cannot be forgiven and redeemed as he is, because he is not conscious of needing forgiveness. Then has not your labor become agony as you have tried to evolve in him the capacity of being forgiven? You have gone down and put yourself beside him, and your loving identification of yourself with him has brought upon you the sense of shame and the pangs of sin which belong to him, but which his hardened conscience does not feel. You take him into the purity of the region in which, in respect to this sin at least, you dwell. You entice him with its charm; you clothe him with your righteousness. You persist in seeing him more truly because more nobly than he sees himself, and you insist with your loving persistence on his taking this ideal

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self as the real one. Is it all a holiday play? Does not the struggle between life and death, going on in his soul, transfer itself through loving sympathy to yours, so that you feel the wear and the damage, and all but the actual guilt? Yes, you are wounded for his transgressions, you are bruised for his iniquities; the chastisement of his peace is upon you; and it may be, with God's blessing, that by your stripes he will be healed.

Do I need to complete the parallel which these words suggest? Just so it was, by this divine, common process, that Christ suffered and bore the sins of the world. It was inevitable that his loving heart should identify itself with all the fortunes of sinful men, and so should vicariously suffer with and for them. It was inevitable that he whose spirit was one with his Father's should be bowed under the weight of God's eternal grief at sin. Because he felt both God's side and man's side, he could reveal God to men and bring men to God.

The suffering which forgiveness brings to the forgiver—that is one thing to be noted. And the other is—what we have touched upon already—the raising power of forgiveness for the forgiven. As you go down with your larger life and place yourself in the condition of the sinner, you take up the sin-narrowed life and endue it with some of your own righteous and joyful vitality; in your life it sees life, and lives through you. Your forgiveness of your brother, loosing him thus as it does from his sins on earth, goes far to effect that he shall be loosed in heaven. And the sad converse is true: if, with an unforgiving spirit, you refuse to count him worthy of anything but his miserable habit of sinning, and so bind it more firmly on him, he and his sin tend to become bound together even in heaven. Oh, remember, as you stand with the offering of his penitence, made explicitly or silently before you, that you are holding in your hands your brother's soul!

Yes, if the soul has but the capacity of being forgiven, forgiveness may lift it and raise it to the stature of Christ himself. If we have had experience of this, it is no marvel to see the effect of Bishop Bienvenu's words on the convict whom he forgives for his theft: "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition and give it to God."

Nor do we need to go to fiction for examples of this uplifting power. They come crowding in on us—the forgiven, uprisen souls; Jacob and David, Mary Magdalen and Zacchæus and Peter; the man whose fall and rise you yourself witnessed years ago, the man who years ago you yourself were; they all come, a great multitude which no man can number, of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; who love much, because to them much has been forgiven.

Is forgiveness the trivial matter we fancied? Are we great enough to bring our souls within its uplifting influence? Are we humble enough and self-sacrificing enough to wield that soul-controlling power? Do we understand it, and recognize joyfully its sway, and put faith in it, and rely upon it, and practice it, and commend our souls trustingly to it? Then let us say our Creed over again with a renewed and humble sense of thankfulness: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

An Ideal Ministry[1]

By Lyman Abbott

What are the elements which make a successful minister? In some respects they differ from age to age; in more important respects they are the same in all ages. What were the elements which made Paul a successful minister? The answer to this question will certainly help us to understand what are the elements in all ages, and Paul's autobiographical recital of his long pastorate at Ephesus will help us to understand what were the elements in his character and work which made him successful.

He was, first of all, a servant of the Lord, not merely a servant of the Church. Protestants, in their reaction against hierarchical control, have sometimes fallen into the other extreme of hierarchical subjection. Paul served the churches, but he was not a servant of the churches. He was not a men-pleaser. He knew no master but Christ.

In this service he was conscious of his own weakness and imperfections. We know in part, he said; we see through a glass, darkly; we have the treasure in earthen vessels; we were with you in fear and much weakness. These are the impressions of his own personal experience. His confidence was not a self-confidence; his courage was not the child of vanity. Self-conceit, I am inclined to think, is the commonest vice of the clergy. They are too often surrounded by flattering friends, too often limit their vision to their parish, and treat it as though it were the whole world. Too often these come to think of themselves as the center of the world. Not so Paul. He served in humility of mind and with many tears.

In this ministry his one object was to be profitable to others. He did not preach to build up a church organization or a society of theology, but to serve men. For this he believed the Bible to be given. It is profitable, he said, for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. For this he believed the church was organized and all its officers ordained. Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, were all given for the perfecting of men in holiness. Keeping this object constantly in view, no motive of personal fame or safety made him silent on any theme, and no motive of personal ambition or self-glorification incited him to speak on any theme. Whatever truth was profitable he uttered; whatever truth was not profitable he did not utter. As a skillful physician adapts his medicine to his patient, so Paul adapted his teaching to the needs of his congregation. His sermon in Antioch was very different from his sermon in Athens.

His public ministry was accompanied by a private ministry. He taught from house to house, but this teaching was not, like a great deal of modern pastoral calling, simply social. He was everywhere a teacher of righteousness. Going from house to house, he testified repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ. The purely official preacher is never a truly successful preacher. Only he succeeds in the ministry who is as truly a minister out of the pulpit as in it.

He did not shun to declare unto his people all the counsel of God. He got his message from God and gave it as he received it. He was a messenger with a message, and uttered the holy message, keeping nothing back.

His preaching was surcharged with emotion. His heart was full as well as his head. The man who could write that he could wish himself accursed from Christ for the sake of his brethren; that he travailed in pain that souls might be born; that the less he was loved the more he loved; who, in his Ephesian ministry, warned every one night and day with tears, was no cold-blooded philosopher dealing with abstraction. To him truth was real and vital, and therefore his preaching was vitalized by a deep, genuine, unhistrionic emotion.

The motive of his ministry was the blessedness of imparting. He had, and he loved to give what he had. A larger salary would not have been to him a divine call. He took no account of the reward which he was to receive other than the reward which is received in the very process of giving.

Such were some of the elements in this greatest missionary of all times, whose life and example are well worthy the study and imitation of the modern minister.

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for August 6, 1893.—Acts xx., 22–35.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: August 7—What Peter could say (Matt. xix., 27–30); August 8—Persecuted for righteousness' sake (Luke vi., 20–26); August 9—The servant not greater than his Lord (John xv., 18–25); August 10—What the disciples bore (Luke xxi., 12–19); August 11—What Paul bore (2 Cor. xi., 24–33); August 12—Paul's word to us (Phil. i., 25–30); August 13—Topic: How much have we borne for Christ? (Acts xxi., 30–36; Phil. i., 29.)

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The Religious World

Heresy in Canada

Canadian Presbyterianism, as well as the Presbyterian Church of the United States, has its great heresy case. Recently Professor Campbell delivered a Sunday afternoon lecture before Queen's University, Kingston, entitled "The Perfect Book and the Perfect Father," in which he took ground which seems to us to be well-nigh unassailable, but which was regarded as grievous heresy by his brethren in Canada. A committee was appointed to confer with him. That committee reported that they had met him, and that he had acknowledged the correctness of the report of his lecture, and that he maintained his disbelief in the entire inerrancy of the inspired revelation of the Old Testament. At the meeting of the Presbytery, Professor Campbell made a statement which we wish we could quote in full. We give it, however, simply in outline. He said that his lecture was the result of twenty-five years of study, reasoning, and personal religious experience. The points he made are as follows: (1) I have nowhere called in question the inspiration of the Old and New Testaments, nor any cardinal doctrine of the Church, but have affirmed the same in the words of the Confession of Faith. (2) The infallibility of the Scriptures as the rule of faith and life, viewed as an organic whole, is most definitely asserted in the lecture. (3) The lecture recognizes progress in the gradual manifestation of the divine will and divine character. This progress cannot be the result of a progressive God. All revealers of God, except Jesus Christ, knew in part and prophesied in part. (4) The Sermon on the Mount shows how Christ corrected the Old Testament legislation; that God is superior to all the laws embodied in that legislation; that what was temporary he abolished, and what is eternal appears in Christ. A further contention is that Jesus Christ, in his person, word, and work, is the fullest revelation of the character of the Father, and that the teaching of God is to be interpreted by the revelation given in Jesus Christ. All that conflicts with Christ is temporary and local; all that harmonizes with him is eternal. Professor Campbell concluded: "The plea of the lecture is for a New Testament theology, a theology according to Christ, one that shall separate between light and darkness, so that sin may appear exceedingly sinful and its punishment exceedingly severe, while the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost may dwell without shadow of doubt or fear in all believing hearts." After Professor Campbell had finished, a libel was drafted and presented to the meeting, which declared that Professor Campbell was "guilty of heresy in declaring, contrary to the teachings and standards of the Presbyterian Church: (1) His disbelief in the entire inerrancy of the inspired revelation of the Old Testament; (2) that God does not smite either in the way of punishment or of discipline, and that he has nothing to do with the judging and punishing of the wicked." The Presbytery, after some discussion, decided to meet on August 1, to consider the relevancy of the libel. If the charges are held to be relevant, Professor Campbell will have to stand his trial for heresy. As we read the statement of Professor Campbell, we cannot help wondering, if such statements as his are called heresy, how the Presbyterian Church of Canada can ever expect to win to its ministry those who know anything of modern thought, and who have any reverence for the Divine Fatherhood. We shall give this subject more attention when the case is called for its final settlement.

Lane Theological Seminary

Lane Theological Seminary seems to be in a very precarious condition. It really has but one professor at present, and he, we believe, is not now on duty. The Trustees of the Seminary are said to be divided into three parties. On the one hand are the extreme Liberals, who wish to defy the General Assembly and hoist the banner of rebellion if it meddles with the institution; in direct opposition are the conservatives; and between the two a middle party, unwilling to side with either, but without a definite policy of its own. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees the action of the Assembly concerning Lane Seminary was considered. The Assembly criticised the Seminary for allowing Professor Roberts to resign and permitting Professor Smith to continue his duties as an instructor. In addition to this, the Trustees had to consider the fact that the Board of Education was asked to give no aid to students not studying at seminaries approved by the General Assembly. A series of resolutions was adopted, protesting against the action of the Assembly, affirming that it is and always has been faithful to its agreement made with the Presbyterian Church in 1870. After these resolutions had been adopted the Trustees had to define the relation of the Seminary to Professor Smith. He told them that they must either allow him to teach next winter or accept his resignation. The Trustees adopted, after a long discussion, the following resolutions:

Whereas, The General Assembly has declared that sentence of suspension from the ministry carries with it a suspension of the exercise of teaching in the theological seminaries; and

Whereas, Loyal acquiescence in the said declaration by our Board seems to make it necessary that pending his appeal Dr. Smith should not teach in the Seminary; and

Whereas, The Board declined to receive his resignation when offered under censure, on the ground that such resignation would seriously prejudice his case before the Synod and General Assembly: therefore,

Resolved, That Dr. Smith be requested to continue his present relation with the Seminary during the coming year, with the understanding that he shall be relieved from teaching in the Seminary until such time as final action in his case shall be determined, and that the action of the Board last May to the effect that Professor Smith continue teaching be rescinded.

This action was reported to Professor Smith, who immediately wrote out his resignation and sent it to the Trustees; but they were not willing to take the responsibility of accepting it, and therefore it was laid upon the table. But Professor Smith persisted that action should be taken, and at last the motion was reconsidered and the resignation accepted. The only remaining professor is Dr. E. D. Morris, who was authorized to furnish such instruction as might be demanded during the year. A committee was appointed to report upon suitable candidates for the vacant professorships, and to arrange to care for such students as may present themselves. This old and honored Seminary has thus practically for the time ceased to exist. What its future may be we cannot predict. And this is but one of the many unfortunate complications which have arisen, and will arise, out of the unnecessary controversy which is now in part paralyzing the Presbyterian Church. Professor Smith explains his reasons for the course which he has taken in a courteous and dignified letter in the last number of the "Evangelist."

Another Echo of the Briggs Trial

Perhaps we have had echoes enough of this now historic trial, but a fact has just reached us that is of more than ordinary importance and interest. A year or two ago the Rev. Samuel M. Hamilton, D.D., pastor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York, accepted a call to Louisville, Ky. Dr. Hamilton, we believe, is a North of Ireland man, and a scholar of great ability and learning. He was, we are informed, a favorite pupil of Dr. McCosh before the latter came to the United States. Dr. Hamilton, on going to Kentucky, was made one of the Trustees of Center College, of which the Rev. William C. Young, D.D., is President. Dr. Young, it will be remembered, was Moderator of the General Assembly at Oregon a year ago, and was one of the most pronounced opponents of Professor Briggs at the Washington Assembly. Dr. Hamilton has tendered his resignation as Trustee of Center College, feeling that he cannot consistently be associated with Dr. Young after the violent attacks which the latter made on Professor Briggs at the meeting in Washington. The telegraphic reports say that Dr. Hamilton announced his substantial agreement with Professor Briggs in his views concerning the Higher Criticism. All who knew Dr. Hamilton in New York will remember him as one of the ablest and most courteous and thoroughly spiritual pastors in the whole city.

B. Y. P. U. A.

We do not know exactly to what these letters refer; we are inclined to interpret them as follows: Baptist Young People's Union Association. Whether the name we have given is correct or not, it describes the third of the great conventions of young people which have recently been held. The Christian Endeavor Convention at Montreal, that of the Epworth League at Cleveland,

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and now that of the Baptists at Indianapolis have attracted thousands of delegates from all parts of the Union and from the Dominion of Canada. A simple device in the meetings at Indianapolis served to indicate the locality from which the delegates came. The Convention Badge was of white silk; if with that was a piece of gold ribbon, the wearer was known to have come from the East; if of blue, from the West; if of green, from the South; and if of red, from the Dominion of Canada. The account of this Convention as it was given in the daily papers reads very much like that of the one in Montreal, without the unfortunate incidents which occurred there. Three words are said to describe the work of this Society—namely, Organization, Education, and Enlistment. This Association has an educational department, and examinations are conducted in various Biblical and spiritual subjects. Much attention seems to have been given to the duty of the Society to co-operate with and work through the local church. In the reports which we have seen we find no mention of the total membership of this body, but in the resolution which was passed concerning the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday it claims to speak for two million Baptist young people. That probably does not indicate the membership, but the young people in the Baptist churches. This Union is evidently a denominational Endeavor Society. Its work is to stimulate education, loyalty to Baptist principles, and to enlist young people in the service of Christ and humanity. By far the most interesting address, according to the reports which we have seen, was that of the Rev. M. R. Deming, of New York, who spoke concerning the Boys' Brigade, and who was introduced as the father of that work in this country. He said that he had often seen boys on the streets learning to gamble, defying the police, and growing up in vice, when the thought of the Boys' Brigade came to him. To suit American conditions he modified the idea as it is known in Great Britain. The result has been most encouraging, leading the young boys to respect the church, to enter its services, and to reach toward higher ideals. Mr. Deming said that he could get four thousand boys in New York any Sunday morning for any man to preach to who knew how to preach to them. The one phrase which described the meetings at Montreal and at Cleveland may also be applied to those at Indianapolis, and that is, Christian Enthusiasm. Both the Epworth League and the Baptist Association are branches of the Christian Endeavor tree. That they are doing much good no one can doubt, although we cannot but think it unfortunate that when a great unifying influence, like the Christian Endeavor Society, was started, the movement toward Christian union should have been met and neutralized by special denominational organizations. The old denominational *esprit de corps* dies hard, but it must disappear before the kingdom of God can fully come. The Christian Endeavor movement works toward that end. All denominational societies of necessity retard it in so far as they put emphasis upon the denominational idea.

A Convert to Rome

The Rev. Henry A. Adams, formerly assistant minister at Trinity Church, New York, and later rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Buffalo, and still later rector of the Church of the Redeemer in New York, has left the Protestant Episcopal and joined the Roman Catholic Church. A letter giving his reasons for this course has been published. We make one or two extracts from the letter. "My clearness of conviction has, under God, been brought about by the concurrent action of two long chains of reasoning. I have become a Catholic at last because there is no other logical deduction from all the facts to which my reading and my observation and my life have made me aware. And, secondly, because there was no peace for me nor explanation of that unspeakably great problem of myself and you outside God's Church." He then says that he has not been able to give the subject any thorough investigation, but has accepted other men's conclusions. During his theological course he found great difference of opinion among the professors at the seminary, and has since found the same difference among the people. His letter continues as follows:

> From my remotest boyhood I never have been able to efface the shame which the consideration of this babel of uncertainty always provokes. Not only in her failure to teach, and by the inconsistencies of her whole theory, did the Episcopal Church grow more and more a cause of shameful sorrow to me, but much more keenly so when I beheld, after ten years of bitterest experimental knowledge of her ways, the miserable fiasco of her parochial and institutional existence. Without a parallel in history, the parish system of the Protestant Episcopal Church stands at this time the most stupendous and ridiculous monstrosity in Christendom. With a rector "called" by a vestry made up of the rich men of the place—a rector intimidated, harassed, made by his very tenure impotent, the hired mouthpiece of this vestry of rich men, sometimes immoral, often ignorant, usually officious, always in the way—here he is to teach these rich masters of his what they already know and like. He is to conduct service as they direct. He is to tolerate and indorse any abomination which may have been (and usually is) established in the parish. He is to belie himself, his message, God's very work, for peace' sake. And they are the "successful" rectors (poor, dumb slaves!) who have been able to keep everybody happy, and questions and ideas of a disturbing nature in the dark.
>
> Again, in her relations to the poor, in her spirit of equivocating coquetry toward the sects, in her judicial system, in her no-policy, in her utter lack of discipline, coherence, *esprit du corps;* in her vacillation, failure, pretensions, she crushes out of earnest men their faith in her as the divinely planned and ruled. She breaks the hearts of her most loyal sons. She either casts them forth or ruins them as men and priests by forcing them into untrue, unfrank, unprincipled, and helpless acquiescence in the less than right.

Mr. Adams is a man of considerable ability and of unquestioned integrity of motive. The church of which he has been rector has always, under his ministry, been ritualistic. Masses have been said and confessions have been heard. This fact will lead Low Churchmen to think that he has at last taken the step to which his previous career logically led him. As to the worth of the reasons assigned by Father Adams for his course it is hardly necessary that we should speak. If he has found peace in the Roman Catholic Church, he has found what the great majority of its distinguished leaders, in this country at least, are not enjoying. If, however, he is an exception, and at last has found his true home, his old-time friends will have nothing but congratulations for him. Since the publication of the above letter Mr. Adams has been deposed from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Potter, as, we are informed, was required by the rules of the Church.

The Evangelical Alliance Conference

One of the most attractive of the many conferences to be held in connection with the Columbian Exhibition will probably be that of the Evangelical Alliance, which will hold what it calls an International Christian Conference in Chicago from October 8–15. The following is a general outline of the programme as it will probably be adopted: First, "Christian Liberty," with papers on the "Present Condition of Religious Liberty throughout the World," "Religious Liberty and the State," and "Religious Liberty and the Progress of Mankind." Second, "The Religious Liberty of Protestant Christendom," with papers devoted to the discussion of "Existing Currents of Religious Thought and Life in Europe, America, and Australia." Third, "Christian Union and Co-operation," with addresses on "Organic Union: Its Reasons and Prospects," "Denominational Federation," and "The Necessity of Co-operation." Fourth, "The Churches and Sociological Problems," with especial reference to the "Resources of the Church, as Illustrated in the Denominational Conferences to be held at the Exposition," and pointing out the "Duty of the Church in Dealing with the Social and Industrial Problems of our Modern Civilization." Special attention at this Conference will also be given to the importance of united action on the part of the churches for the proper extension of the cause of missions. All ecclesiastical bodies, theological seminaries, ministerial associations, local churches, as well as alliances, are cordially invited to send delegates. The address of the General Secretary of the Alliance is in the United Charities Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. This Conference ought to be the crown of all the religious and social conferences of our great Exposition. After the General Parliament of Religions the Christian churches of the world may well take a long step forward in the matter of denominational co-operation. Most earnestly do we believe in Christian union. It must be realized before the kingdom of God can come. We are inclined to believe, however, that the first step toward that most desirable object will be the federation of churches in various communities for the accomplishment of the work which all have in common. That will teach those who now exalt denominationalism to put the emphasis on the things in which Christians agree rather than on those in which they differ. If the Evangelical Alliance of the United

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States, under the wise leadership of Dr. Strong, had done nothing except to teach the privilege of denominational co-operation, it would have accomplished a great result. The publication of Dr. Strong's new book, "The New Era," will do something to hasten this desirable end. We earnestly urge local churches, conferences, and various religious organizations to send delegates to this International Christian Conference.

Lucerne Reunion Conference The Reunion Conferences are getting to be regarded with almost as much interest in England as are the Chautauqua Assemblies in this country. At first they were held at Grindelwald, but the burning of the famous Hotel Bauer last year has led to a change, and this year they will be held at Lucerne. The originator of this scheme is the Rev. Dr. Lunn, the general editor of the "Review of the Churches." As the name indicates, the object of the Conferences is the cultivation of a sentiment looking toward Christian unity. The days are spent in recreation among the mountains, and no arrangements are made for any Conference until eight o'clock in the evening. There are almost continuous meetings from June to September. Among the speakers advertised for the present year we notice the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Bishop of Worcester, Canon Fremantle, of Canterbury, and the Rev. J. J. Lias, of the Church of England; Père Hyacinthe and Theodore Monod, of France; the Rev Mark Guy Pearse; the Rev. John Hunter, of Glasgow; Charles Merle d'Aubigne, of Belgium; Pasteur Appia, of Turin; and the Revs. J. Reid Howatt, Hugh Price Hughes, C. A. Berry, A. Mackennal, D.D., Professor A. B. Bruce, Bishop J. H. Vincent, of the United States; Mrs. Josephine Butler, and many others equally prominent. We can conceive of no more delightful way of spending a vacation than to tramp among the Alps during the daytime, and in the evening to listen to some of the master thinkers discourse concerning the great spiritual and social problems of our time. All this programme, with passage from London to Lucerne and return, and first-class accommodations at Lucerne during the term of the meetings, is offered at the astonishingly low figure of eight guineas, or a little over $40 of our American money.

The London "Independent" Among the best denominational papers which come to our table is the "Independent" of London, of which the Rev. D. Burford Hooke is the editor. The English religious press differs from that of America in many important respects. It does not aim to make a family paper, and is chiefly occupied with what concerns the Christian life in the Church and the world. The "Independent" has had a somewhat checkered existence, owing in part, perhaps, to the great ability with which the "Christian World" and the "British Weekly" are conducted, for the desire of most Nonconformists to take one or the other of those papers has diminished the demand for a denominational paper. The old "Nonconformist and Independent" a few years ago was merged in the "Independent," under the editorship of the Rev. F. Herbert Stead. In its editorial department few papers in England were abler than that, under Mr. Stead's editorship, but somehow it failed to meet the people. Less than a year ago the paper changed hands, and the Rev. D. Burford Hooke became its editor. Few men know the English Independent churches better than Mr. Hooke. His long experience as Assistant Secretary of the Congregational Union has given him a knowledge of the Church in which is his constituency such as few editors possess. We do not know how the paper is received by the people there, but we do know that it gives to those of us who receive it on this side of the sea an admirable résumé of the current history of the churches of which it is the organ. Its editors and publishers are to be congratulated on their success. In the meantime the "Christian World" and the "British Weekly" retain the leadership among undenominational religious newspapers, and in the peculiar work which they undertake to do are unsurpassed in the world.

—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is expecting to visit America in the autumn. On his arrival he will hold a special meeting in the Madison Square Garden.

Gleanings

—The Farm School at Asheville, N. C., recently established by the Presbyterian Home Missions Board, for the education of the mountain boys, is to have a new farm-house and dormitory, to cost about $15,000. The farm has about four hundred acres, and is near the Presbyterian schools at Asheville.

—The Belmont Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, has cleared off a debt of $10,000 by the issue of debenture bonds, each of £25 face value. Interest on these is to be a first charge on the funds of the church. The debentures have all been taken up by members of the congregation, and will be redeemed from the surplus funds.

—Secretary Gresham, writing to the Presbyterian Foreign Missions Board concerning the situation in Siam, says: "I am informed by the Secretary of the Navy that there is not at present on the Asiatic station any vessel capable of entering Siamese waters. Missionaries should communicate with the legation at Bangkok for the usual diplomatic protection."

—A newspaper dispatch from Plattsburg, N. Y., says that the sessions of the Catholic Summer School are exciting deep interest. It is worth noting that Dr. Zahm, one of the lecturers, is regarded as having "startling theories regarding evolution" because he holds that nothing has yet been discovered that in the slightest degree conflicts with the teachings of Scriptural chronology regarding the age of our race.

—The Year-Book of the Congregational Church for 1893, just issued, shows that there are in this country 5,140 churches, with a total membership of 542,725 persons—a gain in parishes of 155 and in membership of 17,628 over the previous year. Massachusetts leads the list with 579 churches. The ministers in the Congregational Church number 5,003. On the rolls of the Sunday-schools there are 694,053 names. The contributions to benevolent objects for the last year have amounted to $2,651,892. The total valuation of property belonging to the Church is $43,335,437.

—The model Sunday-school building, which the Sunday-schools of the country have erected just outside the World's Fair grounds at a cost of $20,000, is one of the most complete buildings of the kind ever erected, and, besides illustrating the equipment by which this work is carried on, will be used for active religious work. Evangelistic services under the direction of Mr. Moody will be held every evening except Saturday. On Sunday services will be held from seven in the morning until ten in the evening. In the line of an "exhibit" the building contains charts, maps, plats, books, and papers showing the condition of Sunday-school work in different parts of the world.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Alfred E. Stembridge has become pastor of the First Church of Springfield, Ill.

—John Ellis resigns the pastorate of the church in Maywood, Chicago, Ill.

—W. A. Estabrook accepts a call to Wilmington, Vt.

—W. F. Arms, of Terryville, Conn., accepts a call to Essex.

—H. N. Kinney, of Winsted, Conn., has received a call from Syracuse.

—J. G. Wilson has resigned the pastorate of the Fourth Church of Portland, Me., on account of ill health.

—Thomas Bickford has become pastor of the church in Springfield, Vt.

—James Turner, of Vanderbilt, Mich., accepts a call to Ashley.

—J. J. Wilson accepts a call to Wheaton, Kan.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Nathan D. Hynson was installed as pastor of the First Church of Manasquan, N. J., on June 29.

—John Allison, a well-known preacher, died suddenly in Minneapolis, Minn., on July 19.

—C. R. Bruce, of Hull, Ia., has resigned.

—G. H. Lee, of Springfield, Mass., has accepted the presidency of the French Protestant College of that city.

—V. F. Brown was installed as pastor of the church in Hopkins, Minn., on July 6.

—M. A. Brownson, of the First Church of Detroit, Mich., has declined his call from the First Church of Pittsburg, Pa.

—W. W. Knox, of Bayonne, N. J., accepts a call from the First Church of New Brunswick.

—William Bryan, of Marshalltown, Ia., accepts a call from Mount Clemens, Mich.

—C. W. Hodder has resigned the pastorate of St. John's Church (P. E.), Breckenridge, Colo.

—W. H. G. Lewis is to become assistant minister of Trinity Church (P. E.), Toledo, O.

—B. L. Ferris has taken charge of the Episcopal parishes of St. Matthew's Church, Horseheads, N. Y., and St. John's Church, Big Flats, N. Y.

—John Leyburn, pastor emeritus of the Associate Reformed Church of Baltimore, Md., died on July 13 at Waynesboro', Va., at the age of seventy-six.

—Stephen H. Camp, of the Unity Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received a call from Passaic, N. J.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. R. Stubbert has resigned the pastorate of the Park Street Baptist Church of South Framingham, Mass.

—F. D. Penny accepts a call to the First Baptist Church at North Adams Mass.

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Books and Authors

The Supernatural[1]

Did primitive man view the world as a congeries of chances? This is the question which Mr. King has asked himself, and has answered in the affirmative. The idea of luck he believes to be the starting-point of religion. From the idea of luck mankind advances to the notion of lucky things and fortunate days. The next step is to charms, and then to a special class of persons, wise in knowledge and in the possession of charms. This is the germ of sacerdotalism. Through dreams and nervous excitement men gained the idea of the spirit or ghost of man. By combination of this concept of ghosts with that of lucky things, men arrived at the use of charms, amulets, and magic. Through a development of the ghost theory arose the notion of devils and gods, and as man advanced in social organization from isolated savage individualism to imperial autocracy the concept of divine nature evolved from gods many to one supreme god, and then to one only God. This, in brief, is Mr. King's theory; but, admirable as it is, plausible as it seems, true as it might be, we cannot see that the author is able to support it with facts. The data which he crowds into these two volumes are mainly busy begging the question. When the Arab affixes to his house the sign of the bloody hand, when the Shaman shakes the magic Yulo bone, when the red Indian daubs a rock with paint and prays to it, they have no idea, says Mr. King, of a spirit related to this object. They have not arrived at so advanced a stage of civilization. But this is just what Mr. King is to prove. It is not enough for him to assert that his interpretation of the customs of the lowest forms of human religious concept is the correct one. There are too many evidences to another theory of folk-faith in the pages of Spencer, Tylor, Hillebrandt, Grimm, Rhydberg, Renan, Smith, Naville, Creuzer, Kuhn, Wellhausen, Frazer, and other students, new and old, of comparative religion.

We may say, in passing, that Mr. King appears to have approached a task so important, so solemn, and so fraught with largest consequences with an inadequate equipment. We cannot from his pages discover that he has studied the German, French, or American writers in the field. The subject seems to us too serious to be approached in a careless way. It is also singular that in Mr. King's survey of religions he has overlooked the Christian theology. Would it be credited that, in a book with the pretensions to learning of this, one should find that the author supposes that the dogma of the "Immaculate Conception" affirms that Jesus was not born of illicit love! Such a blunder is without excuse. In his study of the evolution of Hindu religion it does not appear that the author has read Hillebrandt, Monier-Williams's "Brahminism and Buddhism," or any other thorough work. In his examination of the Egyptian religion he shows a lamentable lack of knowledge, which a perusal of Naville's "Book of the Dead," and of the "Records of the Past" of Brugsch and Lepsius, to mention no more, might have healed. It is likewise distressing that an author should be so careless as to write "the mind can only arrive;" "once a year was shown the very early gods;" "there are a large class;" "marry a rich lady;" "prestiges of uncanny influences;" "the dead man . . . laying in his coffin." For errors like this there is no excuse in days of free schools, and we have little patience with a half-educated man of limited information undertaking to deal with a subject of so tremendous importance as religion. Those parts of Mr. King's book which deal with the evolution of the ghost-world, of totemism and fetichism, and of the relation of neurotic conditions of man to the development of custom and myth, have all been very carefully and extensively treated by other authors, such as Tylor, Frazer, Hecker, Du Prel, and the like. The original part of Mr. King's work is the first point of his theory, that the earliest concept of the world is one of chance. This is offered in the place of the theory of animism, *i. e.*, that to infant man and mankind the whole world seems alive. Mr. King's point is worthy of careful consideration—in fact, of a consideration more careful than he himself gives it.

[1] *The Supernatural: Its Origin, Nature, and Evolution.* By John H. King. 2 Vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Mr. Schouler's Jefferson[1]

There is no feature of Mr. Schouler's "History of the United States under the Constitution" more valuable or interesting than his portraits of public men. His characterizations are notable, not only for thoroughness of knowledge and dispassionateness of temper, but for vividness of portraiture. He succeeds in bringing before the mind with great distinctness the men who were associated with the making of the Government. He was, therefore, specially well equipped for the task of writing the life of Jefferson for the "Makers of America" series, and he has performed that task in the spirit of an artist. He writes of a period which he has treated already at great length, and of a man whose career and opinions he had most carefully and sympathetically studied. It was the good or ill fortune of Jefferson, by reason of his radical democracy, to suffer alike at the hands of friends and foes. By his friends he was idolized; by his foes he was hated. No man was ever more lauded and none ever more misrepresented by his own contemporaries than the third President of the United States. His heterodoxy in matters of religious opinion brought down on him the wrath and condemnation of a large part of the New England clergy to a degree which seems in these times almost incredible; while his entire confidence in popular government, and his willingness to commit all the affairs of state to the decision of a popular vote, seemed to the more conservative men of his time almost anarchistic. Mr. Schouler's life has the great merit of presenting Jefferson's career very compactly, but with singular clearness and vividness. He writes in a sympathetic but not in an uncritical spirit, and his book is the more significant because, in the presentation of the views of Jefferson, it conveys also a clear impression of one of the two great tendencies by the mutual adjustment of which the Government of the United States received its original form.

No one can read this book without recognizing the fact that to Jefferson, more than to any other single statesman, belongs the distinction of having given the Government of the United States its popular tendency and direction. He was the first great Democrat; a man who believed implicitly that safety lay, not in hedging about the action of the people at large, but in giving it the utmost scope and freedom. It is in the direction of Jefferson's genius, rather than of Hamilton's, that the country has moved forward since that day. Mr. Schouler has succeeded in conveying a clear impression of the somewhat elusive qualities of Jefferson, which baffled the men of his own time, and which frequently exposed him to criticism and misapprehension. He disliked open conflict, he detested arbitrary proceedings, he was a lover of peace and gentleness and diplomacy. To many men with whom he was associated he seemed at times Jesuitical; his conduct was not without a certain element of dissimulation; but no man ever relied for his success more completely on the great principles in which he believed. Mr. Schouler gives his readers a clear account of the personal history of Jefferson, brings out the tenderness and consistency which he manifested in his domestic relation, clears his reputation entirely from the reports of profligacy, enumerates his remarkable services to his own State before he became President, brings out very forcibly the clearness with which he saw the new time, and the skill and courage with which he directed legislation toward breadth, tolerance, and the democratic ideal. In securing religious freedom, reforming the law in the direction of simplicity and the recognition of individual right, in reorganizing education and giving it a freedom and breadth and variety which the experiments of our leading schools in

[1] *Thomas Jefferson, Third President of the United States.* By James Schouler. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

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late years are in a way reproducing, he was only working out, in different directions, the fundamental principle to which he held. No better account of Jefferson has appeared than this carefully drawn and dispassionate record of his achievements and his character.

The Genesis of Art-Form[1]

The real principle of identity in the several forms of Art is motion. Æsthetics, as the derivation of the word reveals, has to do with perception through the nerve termini—that is to say, through sensation. These termini are affected by the vibrations of air or of ether—vibrations which we call sound, light, color, taste, odor, hardness, heat, and so on; and the nerve filaments convey to centers of nerves the effects upon their termini. We do not deny that back of the vibrations of ether and nerve there is somewhat, or rather some One, who transmutes this crude stuff into the spiritual bodies which inhabit the thought-world; nevertheless, the principle of identity in æsthetics will be found to underlie the conditions of sensation in motion.

Professor Raymond approaches the subject from the opposite direction. His method is *a priori* and deductive. He does not trouble himself with physiological psychology or with sensational philosophy. His temper is Platonist, and he starts from the sphere of pure ideas. The fundamental proposition with which he begins is that "All phenomena are traceable to three sources—spirit, matter, and thought. Subjects of thought of any importance involve relations to all of the three; but the chief place is assigned to the first in religion, to the second in science, and to the third in art, the phenomena of which, corresponding to those of life in general, are all traceable to man as the possessor of *mind*, which is the embodiment of spirit; to *nature*, which is the embodiment of matter, and to a combination of the effects of mind and nature in a *product*."

With these three elements our author constructs the palace of art, with its wonders of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. By the by, why should not we have, sometime, in the process of the evolution of æsthetics, a fine art of perfumes? Why not construct a symphony out of odors, a picture with perfumes, a scene of scents? "A sunset touch, a fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death, a chorus-ending from Euripides," all equally are open pathways into the world of ideas and spiritual life. Is not the sense of taste as just and worthy and honorable as the sense of hearing and the sense of smell? Let some one who is treating of the genesis of art treat us to an investigation into the causes, theological or psychological, of our distrust, our contempt, of some of our normal, natural, healthy sensations; and show us if it was in reality St. Augustine or Plato who is responsible for our pious distrust of the arts of the pastry-cook and the perfumer. Ignoring such questions as irrelative to his purpose, Professor Raymond goes on to develop the laws of art-form out of the three fundamental elements we have already named. These laws logically fall into groups of threes, with the result of their combination following them.

The mental principle of unity, when introduced into matter, produces order. This finds illustration in Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," from the Niederwald National Monument, the Acropolis of ancient Athens, a Greek drama, Trinity Church on Broadway, a poem of Mr. Stedman's, and from Anton Rubinstein's Melody in F; while Walt Whitman's poetry, some bank buildings on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and long passages from Wagner's operas, are equally pertinent to exemplify a lack of order. Unity is not destroyed by variety, if the variety be introduced according to some method; but the variety of the buildings about City Hall Square, and the variety of tunes in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "Pinafore," cannot be unified. The following passage from the "Columbian Ode" shows want of unity, resulting possibly from poverty of ideas or anxiety to rhyme:

> For lo! the living God doth bare his arm.
> No more he makes his house of clouds and gloom.
> Lightly the shuttles move within his loom;
> Unveiled his thunder leaps to meet the storm.
> From God's right hand man takes the powers that sway
> A universe of stars.

Differences, says the author, should be introduced into forms of art in a distinct and well-contrasted way. We recognize this in music, where a third, a fifth, or an octave is more satisfying than a semi-tone or a seventh. The principle was likewise carried out by the Greeks in their architectural ornaments, consisting of alternating curves and straight lines. Lord Macaulay in his literary style sacrificed even historic truth to this principle of antithesis. Doré was always using strong contrasts in his drawings, and Shakespeare makes the persons of his plays act as foils to one another. Browning followed the same instinctive principle in the arrangement of the parts of "The Ring and the Book," and Raphael, in his great picture of the Transfiguration, finely contrasts the maniac boy with the glorious figure of the transfigured Jesus on the mountain beyond.

Willingly, had we the space at our disposal, would we follow Professor Raymond in the fascinating analysis of motives of the fine arts. Whether the reader accepts or rejects the author's theory, his book remains of practical worth. We confidently commend it to composers of buildings, pictures, statuary, music, or literature; and we are sure that all artists can study it with a profit of which they will themselves be distinctly conscious. We have but two faults to find with this book: some of its pictures are badly blurred, and the cross-references are distracting and annoying. It is a pity that a work of so great value should be marred with mechanical blemishes.

Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life. The secret of the very great charm of the extracts from Marianne North's diaries lies in the sunny good nature and gentle simplicity of her character. That charm is quite as strong in this, the third volume of these recollections, as in its predecessors. Constant good humor, a bright optimism, a power of seeing the amusing side of things and of forgetting slight discomforts, make Miss North an ideal traveler. And what a traveler she was! She visited Spain, Egypt, Palestine, Sicily, Italy, Switzerland, all the places now familiar to the vast hordes of "globe-trotters," but in the period from 1859 to 1869 much less well known, besides other places which might fairly be called the ends of the earth. Wherever she went, she enjoyed herself in a quiet way, usually in her father's society, often meeting friends and celebrities, always making interesting acquaintances. She painted and sketched continually, and gathered together treasures in the way of odd products of many lands and curiosities of art, manufactures, and nature. Nothing spoiled her enjoyment, not even the huge man in Hebron who "followed us about all the morning, grunting like a pig, to show that we were swine-eating beasts, till I felt quite ashamed of my objectionable habits. How the old Hebronite did grunt! He must have been brought up in a pigsty, he did it so naturally!" We should like to quote at length, but will content ourselves with a pen-picture of the diarist as she appeared to an old Egyptian pilot on the Nile: "This Bint was unlike most other English Bints, being firstly white and lovely; secondly, she was gracious in her manner and of kind disposition; thirdly, she attended continually to her father, whose days went in rejoicing that he had such a Bint; fourthly, she represented all things on paper—she drew all the temples of Nubia, all the sakkiahs, and all the men and women, and nearly all the palm-trees; she was a valuable and remarkable Bint." In which last observation we are sure that all readers of this entertaining book will concur. The Journals of Miss North are edited by her sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

The Rev. R. A. Torrey's book, *How to Bring Men to Christ* Fleming H. Revell Company, New York), has been published for the purpose of replying to those who have inquired of him the secret of his evangelistic success. In a manner perfectly plain and straightforward, he furnishes instructions how to convert men. The first requisite which he mentions is indisputable—that the

[1] *The Genesis of Art-Form.* An Essay in Comparative Æsthetics, Showing the Identity of the Sources, Methods, and Effects of Composition in Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D., Professor of Oratory and Æsthetic Culture in the College of New Jersey. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.25.

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converter should himself be converted. If any one has a thorough, deep, genuine, and abiding love of the Father God, he will not need rules for the strengthening of his brethren. Nevertheless, for those whose conversion is yet imperfect, and whose zeal is without discretion, some practical hints are not altogether superfluous. These Mr. Torrey, who is Superintendent of the Chicago Bible Institute, provides in his little book. It is a work which many a pastor will be glad to put into the hands of the lay helpers of his church, especially of the members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Mr. Torrey emphasizes the necessity of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. We quote his closing words because they are striking: "There are many who once knew experimentally what the baptism of the Holy Spirit meant, who are trying to work to-day in the power of that old experience, and are working without God. They need and must have a new baptism before God can use them."

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reade, whose study of Oriental literature has already borne fruit, has written a very readable book on *Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern*, which places in the hands of English readers a connected and trustworthy account, although not without faults of perspective, of a singularly interesting literary development. Remote as the Persian literature is from the literary modes and methods of to-day, it has always had a singular charm, and has been fortunate enough to attract the attention of more than one translator possessed of a genius for his task. Edward Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyám" has given almost contemporary popularity to one of the oldest and most characteristic of the greater poets of Persia. Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" is a beautiful rendering of one of the most striking episodes in the "Epic of the Kings," a poem which has several times been rendered into English, with more or less precision, in late years; while Sir Edwin Arnold's Oriental leanings have several times brought him in contact with Saadi and Hafiz. Mrs. Reade's book is not an elaborate and scholarly treatise, but it is a well-written manual, devoted mainly to the earlier literature. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

Canonical and Uncanonical Gospels; with a Translation of the Recently Discovered Fragment of the Gospel of Peter, and a Selection from the Sayings of Our Lord Not Found in the Four Gospels, by W. E. Barnes, B.D. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York), is an argument directed against the book "Supernatural Religion," and goes to prove that we have evidence that the four Gospels were known before 180 A.D. This is done chiefly by an appeal to recently discovered works. Mr. Barnes's argument would have been more valuable had he taken pains to show that the citations of the Gospels in these early books could not possibly be interpolations of a later date. Besides, "*Diatessaron*" does not certainly mean "The Book of the Four." In short, Mr. Barnes's argument could be more strongly set forth.

Professor James S. Candlish, in his *Biblical Doctrine of Sin*, sets forth the ancient theory that sin is a deviation from the command of God. Had he said that it is also a trespass against the law of good, he would have come nearer the ultimate statements of divine revelation. Nevertheless, Dr. Candlish is by no means a narrow and hidebound theologian. He does not ignore the other side of the question. Criticising the theory of Mr. John Fiske that the world is ever evolving a higher morality, he acutely suggests that in such case it must at the same time be evolving deeper sins. But this supposition comes from the premise that all the time there is no God, and this is not Mr. Fiske's position. Dr. Candlish intended this work to be a Bible-class text-book. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Professor H. F. Pelham has reprinted, with many additions and alterations, his article prepared for the Encyclopædia Britannica on Roman History. The principal characteristic of this work is its succinctness; in less than six hundred pages the author covers the thousand years of ancient Roman history. He belongs to the school of Mommsen, and this is a sufficient voucher, if any were needed, for the careful and scholarly manner in which the work has been performed. It is safe to say that this *Outlines of Roman History* embodies all the latest results of the critical school of German historians. A list of authorities referred to, four maps, and a long index render the book a useful manual of Roman history. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Mr. Henry Wood offers another volume on mental healing, called *Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography: A Restorative System for Home and Private Use, Preceded by a Study of the Laws of Mental Healing*. The treatment consists essentially in the acquirement by the patient of the conviction that there is no pain or death in the normal, righteous, godly condition of the human personality. We have seen this system put to the test. So far as we could discover, the conviction of the patient was perfect. The treatment was not a success. All these forms of Christian science are, we are forced to believe, mischievous delusions. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

The Æneid of Vergil. Books I.–VI. Translated into English Verse by James Rhoades. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.) It would be impossible to explain in a brief notice why we cannot pronounce this version of the Æneid the best that has up to the present date appeared before our eyes. Mr. Rhoades has chosen the iambic pentameter rhymeless verse for the form into which to upset Vergil's Latin epic. There is little wanting in the matter of literalness, and the color of the Mantuan's thought is to an extent preserved, yet from time to time Pegasus breaks his pace, and the felicity of choice of English is not always phenomenal.

Princeton Sketches, by George R. Wallace, will find a warm welcome from all graduates of the College of New Jersey, and the book is a notable contribution to the educational history of the country. The eight several papers cover such topics as "Good Old Colony Days," "The Revolution," "Administration of James McCosh," "The Princeton Idea," and the scheme of treatment is original and effective. There are many portraits and other cuts, and typographically the book shows excellent taste. Professor A. F. West furnishes an introduction. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Ginn & Co., of Boston, who have published so many admirably edited Classics for Children, have now brought out *The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius* for the same audience. There is no question about the importance of putting the very best kind of literature into the hands of children from the start, but we very much question the advisability of putting philosophic thought into their hands at so early an age. Marcus Aurelius belongs to a later period of life.

Notes for Visiting Nurses, by Rosalind Gillette Shawe, (P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.), is a book that is valuable for the family, and especially valuable to those engaged in practical work among the poor. It gives the names and addresses also of the organizations in all our large cities that conduct the work of visiting nurses. The book is practical to the highest degree.

Literary Notes

—M. Alphonse Daudet is seriously ill, and can no longer appear in public..

—Florence Marryat's new book, "Parson Jones," is the sixtieth work of fiction which she has written since she began in 1865, twenty-eight years ago.

—"Who appreciates your books the more—men or women?" Sir William Fraser quotes himself as saying to Thackeray. "Women," answered the novelist; "women and clever men."

—The literary partnership of Mr. R. L. Stevenson and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, ends with the completion of their forthcoming novel, "Ebb Tide." Mr. Stevenson's new novel, "Catriona," will probably not appear until the autumn, the author being engaged in extensive revisions.

—Mr. Norman Gale is preparing a volume of "Orchard Songs" for publication in the autumn. A complete set of Mr. Gale's scarce works, including large and small paper copies of the published volumes and the privately printed ones, cannot now be purchased for less than $500.

—Maynard, Merrill & Co., of New York, Mr. Ruskin's authorized American publishers, announce for immediate publication "The Elements of Drawing in Three Letters to Beginners," for which Professor Charles Eliot Norton has just written an introduction. This will be the twenty-second volume of the authorized Brantwood Edition.

—The poems of William H. Hayne will be published this fall by Frederick Stokes & Co. This will be his first book, although Mr. Hayne has had his poems published in all the great magazines, and he has already enough new material for a second book of poems. This first volume will be in the standard series of Younger American Poets.

—By far the most sympathetic and adequate characterization of Edwin Booth which has yet appeared is that by Mr. Laurence Hutton, which Harper & Brothers have wisely put into their "Black and White" series. Mr. Hutton had long been an intimate friend of Mr. Booth's, and had known the actor on many sides of his character. His great affection and respect brought him near to his subject without robbing him of the power of critical judgment, and the result is a portrait of Mr. Booth which brings out the charm of the man's character and the beauty of his life no less than the genius of his acting.

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Mr. Noyes and the American Board

The Appointment Revoked

We propose to give here an abstract of the proceedings in the case of the Rev. William H. Noyes, at present missionary in the Japan field of the Berkeley Temple in Boston. In brief, the history of the case is as follows. Mr. Noyes was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, the son of one of the most eminent and honored missionaries of the American Board in India. Following in the footsteps of his parents, he dedicated himself to the foreign service. A man, of eminent ability and peculiar candor and consecration, he was pre-eminently fitted for the work to which he had given his life. In every respect except his views concerning one doctrine, he was one of the most desirable candidates who has ever appeared before the Prudential Committee. He was a man with no "crankisms," calm, earnest, with one object, and that the proclamation of the Gospel in heathen lands. His application to be a missionary was refused solely because he was not able to conform to the standards of the Prudential Committee in regard to certain theories in eschatology. Afterward he appeared before a Council in Boston, which was perfectly representative, and made an impression upon that Council so favorable that by an overwhelming majority he was ordained as a missionary, and commended to the Board for appointment as a missionary.

The action of that Council was not deemed sufficient, and its recommendation was unheeded. In due time Mr. Noyes was sent to Japan by the Berkeley Temple, and he has since labored in that country as an independent missionary. But he has so thoroughly commended himself to all the missionaries of the Board in the field that they unanimously requested the Prudential Committee to appoint him. That action informally came before the last meeting of the Board in Chicago, and it was voted that the Prudential Committee should enter into further correspondence with Mr. Noyes and take such action as seemed best.

The recent steps in the case are as follows: Mr. William P. Ellison, a member of the Prudential Committee, who was not present at Chicago, wrote Mr. Noyes, asking him concerning his views. Dr. Storrs's interpretation of the action taken at Des Moines practically divided candidates for appointment as missionaries into two classes: (1) Those who believe that an opportunity for repentance will be given after death to those who did not hear of Christ in this life; and (2) those who do not find this theory sustained by the Bible and do not hold it as a part of an accepted speculative scheme, but leave the whole matter in the hands of God. Mr. Ellison asked Mr. Noyes, "Will you kindly write me to which of these two classes you belong?" Mr. Noyes replied that he did not belong to the first class, that he was not sure that there is a future probation; in regard to the second class he said that he did not find this theory sustained in the Bible, but thought that the Bible leaves room for it. He says that he does not hold it as a part of the Gospel speculative scheme, and expresses his views as follows: "Those who do not hear the Gospel message in this life I trustfully leave to God; I do not claim to know God's method of dealing with them, but I do not refuse to think about them. I entertain in their behalf what I feel to be a reasonable hope that somehow, before their destinies are fixed, there shall be revealed to them the love of God in Christ Jesus. In this, as in every question to which God has given no distinct answer, I merely claim the liberty of the Gospel. It may interest you to know that, except through American friends and newspapers, I should not have this subject called to mind from one year's end to another."

This letter to Mr. Ellison was before the Prudential Committee. There were also before the Prudential Committee numerous letters from missionaries, all in Mr. Noyes's favor, and all of them, in some form, emphasizing what was said by one: "I do not remember to have heard him ever refer to the question of a future probation." As a result of the correspondence with the mission and with Mr. Noyes, a minute and resolutions were adopted by the Prudential Committee April 11, 1893. The minute reviews the case very carefully, and shows that the facts were all before the Committee. The resolution appended to the minute is as follows:

Resolved, That under the authority given to the Committee by the Board at its late Annual Meeting, and after the particular correspondence to which it was enjoined, the Rev. William H. Noyes be hereafter enrolled as one of its missionaries in Japan; that as such he be affectionately commended to the churches, pastors, and missionaries there, with the renewed expression by the Committee of its warm personal interest in himself, and in the assured expectation on its part that his labor will be earnest, his teaching conformed to the common evangelical faith, and his spirit toward both the mission and the Board confiding and loyal.

This action shall take effect when the Clerk of the Committee is advised by Mr. Noyes that he desires and accepts the appointment thus made as a missionary under the Board, that he has been released from existing engagements, and that all the requirements of comity toward the organization which sent him out, and which has supported and directed him in Japan, have been duly observed.

This action was forwarded to Mr. Noyes, and, under date of June 10, 1893, he accepted the appointment in a letter of perfect candor, in which he is careful to make it plain that in his opinion his own views as previously held had been misunderstood, and that his views at present are not substantially different from what they were at first. There is absolutely nothing in his letter which is not in the letter to Mr. Ellison, the only difference in the second letter being that it is a little fuller, but no more explicit. With all these facts before it, in the face of the unanimous request of the Japan Mission, with a record of years of devoted work in his favor, and without any one new fact, the Committee, July 18, adopted a minute and resolution reversing the action which was taken April 11. The minute says that the previous action was only provisional and on the assumption that Mr. Noyes had changed the views which he had held when he had made his previous applications. But his letter to Mr. Ellison before the former action of the Committee made it plain that those views were not changed, and also that they were not prominent or important in his thought. The minute rehearses the statements of Mr. Noyes's letter accepting the appointment, declaring that it is frank and manly, but that it makes it impossible for the Committee to confirm his appointment, since his views are not different from those which he held in 1886 and 1887, when his appointment was rejected. The minute and resolution conclude as follows:

The Board alone can reverse these decisions, or declare them hereafter of no effect. The Committee would be plainly usurping a power which it does not possess in undertaking to do this. It has no desire whatever to release itself from any just responsibility by pleading uncertainty as to its authority. But an authority of such extraordinary reach and energy as would here be implied it has certainly never hitherto exercised or supposed itself to hold, and if it had been intended to delegate to it such an authority by the vote at Chicago this should manifestly have been done in terms unmistakable, not by obscure and uncertain implication, through words adopted without debate, and not decisively touching this point.

The Board is, of course, competent to say, whenever it will, that objectionable statements, on which it had previously founded action of refusal, while continuing to stand unwithdrawn, shall be accounted no bar to subsequent appointment, if missionaries desire this and if the Committee shall deem it expedient. This belongs to its sovereignty, under Christ and with loyalty to the churches, in administering its own affairs. But the Committee by no means can assume such an office. Vaguely and doubtfully to infer the delegation to it of an authority so dominating and in effect so revolutionary, and then to proceed to act affirmatively upon this inference, would not only contradict the whole practice of the Committee, but, if unrebuked, would, in its judgment, constitute a precedent of very threatening force.

In the absence, therefore, of any authority of which it has been certified to do what the Board appointing it has formally and repeatedly refused to do, the Committee can proceed no further in the case of Mr. Noyes. Whatever may have been, or may now be, the individual wishes of members of the Committee, it is their common conviction that the letters lately received make it impossible for them to take further steps in the matter before them.

Resolved, accordingly, that the Committee take no further action on the missionary appointment of the Rev. Mr. Noyes, and that a copy of this resolution, with the foregoing minute, be forwarded to Mr. Noyes.

We have thus given an outline of the action which has been taken in this case. Last week it gave us great pleasure to approve the action of the Committee in the appointment of Mr. Noyes. This week we are compelled to say that we think its course the most unfortunate step that has ever been taken by that body. It is idle to say that the action was made necessary by new facts. There were no new facts. It is idle to say that new authority was needed, when the resolution passed at Chicago, October 6, 1892, expressly authorized the Committee to "take such action as seems best for the interest of the Mission" It remains to be seen whether the churches will much longer submit to the dictation of a few men, who, however good they may be in their personal life, are utterly out of sympathy with the churches which they presume to represent. This subject is treated editorially on another page.

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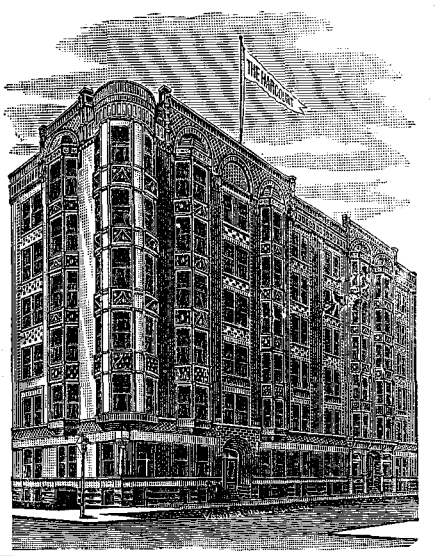

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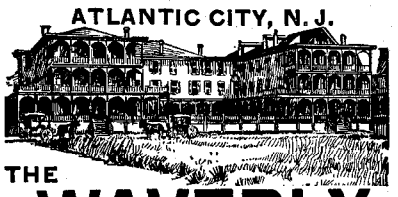

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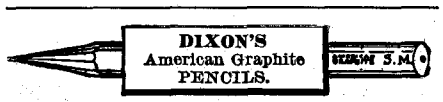

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Financial

The change in the money market from stringency to ease during the past two weeks has proven quite a radical one, and is doubtless due to the liberal use of the Clearing-House certificates, which have been made the basis of more or less expansion by the banks, though it is well known that about one-half of the $22,000,000 now out are not in use at present. It is probable that the banks will not send in and cancel many of these certificates until after the autumn demand for currency to move the crops has been satisfied, for it must be very clear to every city bank officer that the city banks, without their reserve fund this year, which they usually accumulate preparatory to the fall activity, will have to bridge over the active season with these certificates. Yet, since the Eastern banks have already sent great volumes of currency to the West and South, including the earlier transfers to Chicago, and then, later, to San Francisco, St. Louis, and now recently to the more distant West, it may reasonably be supposed that any further drafts will be on a much diminished scale, for the funds thus early sent to meet an emergency have scarcely returned at all.

There is, doubtless, some solicitude felt by our financiers here concerning the autumn need of money; but, on the other hand, the curtailment of demand here, due to the restricted volume needed for carrying security and mercantile loans, on account of the restriction of business and speculation, will help, and the anticipated gold imports, which have commenced already in small amounts, will probably add to the supply.

There will doubtless be an extensive influx of gold here within the next six months, but just how soon the larger movement will commence it is difficult to judge. Money is easy in London, and the Bank of England reserve is large yet. Every obstacle is put in the way by the Bank of any large amount of gold being taken there for America. Our needs must soon bring it, however, and, further than that, if a speedy repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of the Sherman Act is effected, there will be extraordinary purchases of our securities made by foreigners, with the return of confidence which will surely follow such repeal. So that we have a right to anticipate an improvement in general conditions. Of this we stand in great need, for the present distrust, extending during the past ten days to the far West, has resulted in the failure of a dozen or more banks in Kansas City, Denver, and to a considerable extent in towns and cities adjacent, so that the wave of disaster has thus expanded and spread until great sections of the country have been swept by it. With the failures of banks have also come the subsequent failures of large numbers of mercantile firms in the cities named.

The trouble has reached beyond the point where the merely speculative enterprises have suffered, and the conservative interests have had to succumb as well, for the difficulty of obtaining funds has been, and is, extreme; even with first-rate names paper goes slowly. This fact has forced contraction in every direction. Large numbers of laborers are being thrown out of employment East and West—not only in Colorado, but in Massachusetts, for several of the great cotton mills of New England are being shut down for a month or two, involving thousands of idle hands.

It is with such influences as these working against the immediate return of confidence that the security markets on Wall Street are now contending, with very depressing results; stocks and bonds alike are shrinking in market quotations, prices having no relation whatever to values.

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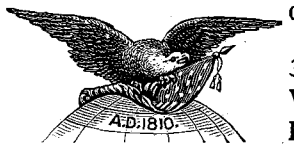

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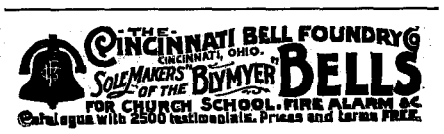
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Correspondence

The Colorado View of Silver[1]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The recent Convention in Denver, at which Governor Waite's inflammatory address was read and indorsed, has attracted most unfavorable comments from Eastern papers. It must seem to Eastern people who take the utterances of that Convention for the sentiment of Colorado that the people of this State are bereft of their reason, and that their views are not worthy of serious consideration. The writer was a delegate to that Convention—one of the minority which strove to prevent the indorsement of Governor Waite's address. That tirade cannot be more distasteful to Eastern people than it was to the minority of that Convention. The Populist element got the control both of the Convention and of its Committee on Resolutions, and would listen to no counsels of moderation. After that it may seem presumptuous for a Colorado man even to suggest that there may be a substratum of sense in the demand which is universal here for the restoration of silver as a money metal. Nevertheless there is such a substratum of sense; and if the Eastern people are driven to think that every man who is a bimetallist is also a lunatic, they will make a great mistake.

President Andrews, of Brown University, one of our delegates to the recent International Conference at Brussels, has just been delivering a course of lectures in Colorado Springs on the silver question, and the fact that so able and so learned a man as he is strongly in favor of silver as a money metal may indicate that not all "silver men" are either fools or knaves. True, he is not in favor of the immediate adoption of a free-coinage law by the United States alone. He prefers international bimetallism, and believes that it can be brought about. But no "silver man" can be more pronounced than he in setting forth the evils of gold monometallism. By no means all the people of Colorado are bimetallists because they are either directly or indirectly interested in mining. There is, back of the demand for silver coinage, a belief that there is not enough gold to serve as a safe basis for our monetary system, that credit cannot be indefinitely extended unless there is an extension of the hard money on which it is based, that gold has appreciated in value compared with all commodities, so that there has been a continuous fall in prices which has helped to paralyze industry. If these opinions are erroneous, they are at least shared by some of the ablest economists in the world—by such men as President Andrews, Senator Allison, and Senator Jones, in this country; by Sir William Houldsworth, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and Mr. Henry Chaplin, in England; and by nearly all the prominent financiers in France. There is in the demand for more money something more than the craze of the greenbacker or the vagaries of fiat legislation and "wildcat banks." If constantly falling prices with a constant appreciation of the value of money is a bad thing, then this Nation really needs more money—more hard money.

There is no doubt that there is a sectional feeling very prevalent in the West against the East—a feeling that has been fostered to the utmost, for partisan purposes, by Populist stump speakers and newspapers; but is it not possible that there may be also some prejudice and some sectional feeling in the East?

The people of Colorado, in view of the total demonetization of silver, feel very much as the people of Pennsylvania and New Jersey would feel if Congress should pass a bill on the 8th of August totally abolishing all duties upon manufactures of iron, glass, and pottery. A free-trader might believe that it would be better for the whole country in the long run; but if he were also a man, he would have some sympathy with the thousands of his fellow-men who would be thrown out of employment; and if he were a statesman, he would scarcely think it wise to make so sudden and sweeping a change. The silver-miners have even a stronger case than the iron-workers would have in the supposed event; for since the foundation of the Government silver has been a money metal, and men have gone into silver-mining on the faith that the historic monetary policy was to be maintained, and both parties, in their National platforms, declared last year for the coinage of both gold and silver; whereas the Democratic party, on that same platform, gave fair notice a year ago to the iron men that it considered all protection unconstitutional, and proposed to make a tariff for revenue only. It is because they fear that the Administration and Congress are going to violate the pledges of all the platforms, and put this country completely on a monometallic gold basis, that the people of Colorado are protesting. In view of these facts, and in view of Mr. Cleveland's apparent failure to make any effort whatever toward the adoption of an international bimetallic agreement, have they not some right to protest?

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

[1] We shall print nextweek a discussion of the silver question by two able representatives of the two opposing views.—EDITORS.

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There are many sorts of courage which both men and women would be better without, but, unfortunately, are not. There is the courage of impudence. It abounds to-day. It is all the fashion. If you want a thing and cannot get it in any other way, try impudence—that is a receipt which is constantly being given in the papers.

Then there is the courage of ignorance. Not long ago I was in a room in which there was an eminent pianist. He played, as, so far as I know, he alone can play, one of Chopin's masterpieces—dowering his finger-tips with the eloquence of many voices. Directly he had finished the lady of the house went sailing up to him, "Thank you so much! You should hear my litle girl—I do so want you to tell me what you think of her. For so small a child—not yet learned music two years—we think she's wonderful."

Before the astonished virtuoso, whose knowledge of English is not profound, could get a word in edgeways, there was a small child about nine years of age planted on the music-stool with "Ye Banks and Braes," with variations, opened out in front of her.

In a self-sufficient little nonentity, who had "not yet learned music two years," and who, naturally, had no music in her, the performance was excusable, and it would be too much to say that sudden death would have been its only adequate reward—but in the presence of that famed musician! I do not know what he suffered. I know what we felt.—*All the Year Round.*

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Dr. J. C. How, Haverhill, Mass., says: "I have seen great benefit from the steady use of this preparation, in cases of chronic wakefulness."

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"The latter portion of this volume contains two exquisite prose idyls. The first, 'In the Forest of Arden,' is in eleven parts, each having a motto from 'As You Like It.' It may be called an idyl of Nature, and has a profound moral running through it, at times almost baffling the reader who attempts to translate it into ordinary ethical language, while elsewhere it is brought out with a clearness which shows the author's determination that this feature should not be obscured by an excess of subtlety. The second, possessing the same characteristics, may be called an idyl of the imagination. It is in six parts, each having a motto from the 'Tempest.' Unique in their design and construction, they furnish a fitting ending to one of the most delightful books ever written by a scholarly student of Nature."—*Churchman.*

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It is simple and inexpensive; anyone can use it. For sale by druggists. We will send you our Nursery Hand-Book for Mothers free, if you mention this paper.

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A Typical Scotchman

From the Boston "Transcript"

"Scotchmen," said a clever little woman lately, "are delightful in books—especially Barrie's books; but in actual life they are barbaric, not to say terrifying!"

By which token I knew that she had lately encountered the typical Scotchman and suffered therefrom. He has been spending a few weeks in Boston, has the typical Scotchman, and has but lately departed, leaving devastation in his track. He had a name which, in the mere saying, exhaled an odor as of peat-smoke; which, as every one knows, is Scottishness condensed to its essence; and his accent was so massive as to be almost visible. Belonging to the most sacredly peaceful of professions, he was given to an all-annihilating aggression which made one shudder to imagine what he might have been had he belonged to a more warlike one. And yet a boisterous north wind was never more welcome or more invigorating; and since his departure the world, to those who had the pleasure of temporarily enjoying his cyclonic society, seems to have settled into a placid and windless calm.

The particular moment when the little lady above quoted found him "terrifying" was, I fancy, when he chanced to take up from her drawing-room table a volume of sermons by a famous Church of England preacher. Being sternly interrogated as to why she read "sic haverings," she timidly admitted that she had years ago adopted that faith. And then the flood-gates opened and—"from the lips of the terrible Scotch stranger, who that day for the first time had crossed her threshold"—such judgment descended upon her as of old Mary of Scots quailed under standing before John Knox. "Apostate from your fathers' ancient faith," the peroration ended, "know ye what like we wad ca' ye, gin ye stood on guid Scottish soil? PAPIST—sae wad we ca' ye—papist and her-r-retic!!" And then he patted her shoulder, smiling down upon her from his great height with a smile like sunshine on a granite crag; and remarked it was "a wonderfu' warm day."

The friend who took him on a shopping tour through what he called "Jor-r-dan & Mairsh's" had a rather bad five minutes when the Typical Scotchman happened to catch sight of a pile of Barrie's books in paper covers, selling for ten cents each. Then and there, before the counter, he delivered to the amazed saleswoman a lecture on the deadly sin of peddling a "mon's mental life-bluid for less than one meeserable saxpence!"—after which he bought a copy of "The Little Minister" and went his way.

A classmate of Barrie's at Edinburgh University, he had much to say of the now popular author as then he knew him. "At the logic and the mathematics and the moral philosophy he was naw great to speak o'," he said, candidly, "but in a' things on the leeterary side—hech, sirs! he'd sweep out the class-room!"

Apropos of Blackie, anent whom Barrie has so flavorsomely discoursed in "An Edinburgh Eleven," he told a grand story, which it is wonderful Barrie should have failed to immortalize. Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was very imperfectly acquainted. In answer to some direction given by the professor, a student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your *right* hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your *right* hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the stump of its wrist. "Sir, I hae nae richt hand!" he said—and his voice was unsteady. Before Blackie could open his lips, there arose from the class such a terrific storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear; and by it his voice was overborne as by a wild sea. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly so hurt; and he put an arm about the lad's shoulders and drew him close; and the lad leaned against his breast and looked up at him as though Divinity itself had stooped in compassion. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over rough? I did not know—I did not know!" He turned to the students, and, with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said, "And, let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of *gentlemen!*" Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned abundantly then, and many a time thereafter.

The Prevailing Stupidity

The misfortunes of Mr. Onesime Mathieu, who put $1,200 in a rubber shoe which he hid so securely that he was the only person who could not find it, his quest for it, and the arrest of a man charged with converting to his own use the strange receptacle and its contents, are commented on by the Boston "Transcript" as typical occurrences. They point, says that paper, a moral, and for anybody but Mr. Mathieu they adorn a tale. The moral is that people who will not trust banks with their money have unlimited confidence in rubber shoes, old coffee-pots and stoves.

A few weeks ago, the "Transcript" adds, a very aged and very penurious woman, a resident of a New Jersey town, where she dwelt alone with her conscience and seventeen cats, was taken sick, and on a search of her house being made by the friends who rallied round her, money and valuables to a considerable amount were found in a rusty old coffee-pot on the top shelf of a cupboard. Quite recently two maiden ladies in Maine, or Michigan, or Minnesota—it matters not which—forgot that they kept their money in a stove, and started a fire on a chilly day, to the immediate reduction of their available cash assets.

A few years ago a hotel-keeper in southern Massachusetts thought it was the part of wisdom to save up gold. He had quite a golden store, together with a comfortable quantity of greenbacks, under his feather bed when his hotel burned down. The gold melted, but the greenbacks went up in smoke, and, as they did not leave their numbers or other means of identification behind them, were a total loss.

Possibly the fact that no one ever heard of a rubber shoe, or coffee-pot, or cook-stove plundering a bank and running off to Canada may make them favorites with those who are chronically distrustful, as otherwise the preference for them as places of deposit for money is quite inexplicable. The use of money by a good many heavy capitalists who think themselves very smart in adding to financial distrust and distress by putting it away in safe-deposit tins is not much brighter, for they are only lengthening out their loss of interest all the while.

Joan, the Female Pope

One of the most curious of the mediæval legends is that which purports to give the life-history of Joan (some authorities give her name as Agnes and others as Gilberta), the "female Pope." That such a person never existed, and that the story is a fiction invented by the reformers in order to lower the Catholic Church in the eyes of the common people, there is not the least doubt.

Joan is said to have been of English descent, but born in Ingelheim or Mainz, Germany. She fell in love with a young Benedictine monk named Fulda, and, in order to be near him, dressed in male attire and was admitted to the monastery where her lover was cloistered. Together Joan and Fulda studied both in Athens and in Rome, and in the latter place, her sex being unsuspected, Joan was made a professor. When Leo IV. died, the Cardinals, by general consent, elected the "professor" to the pontifical chair. Other authorities say that she succeeded Adrian II., who died in the year 872. Her sex is said to have been discovered when, acting as Pope, she was leading a procession to the Lateran palace. Immediately upon discovery, the story ends, she was stoned to death.

A Pitiable Sight

it is to see an infant suffering from the lack of proper food. It is entirely unnecessary, as a reliable food can always be obtained; we refer to the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

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It has been called "*The Perfect Food.*" As such it is a remarkable remedy for certain diseases, and if regularly and persistently used will not fail to remove Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, and Chronic Diarrhœa.

It has proved a specific for Piles, Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver, Lung, and Skin Diseases, including Scrofula, Catarrh, and General Debility.

To relieve the troubles peculiar to women there is nothing equal to the use of Granūla as a principal diet.

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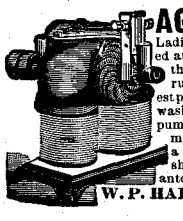

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for preserving the delicate pearl-like enamel of the teeth, and keeping the gums in a sound, healthy condition, has no equal.

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These books will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of the price by The Outlook.

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

A GRADUATE of the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, with five years' experience in oral work, desires a private pupil, or will give instruction in lip-reading only. References exchanged. Address Miss VIOLA TAYLOR The Maples, Rome, Bradford Co., Pa.

WANTED—To exchange stenographic and general clerical work for board and tuition in a good Eastern preparatory school for young ladies. Good references. Address Miss S. W., No. 4,031, care The Outlook.

About People

—Colonel James Clay, of Bourbon County, Kentucky, is the owner of an estate of 4,295 acres.

—Henry Clay's statue in New Orleans is to be removed to make room for railway tracks. It will be set up on another site.

—Edwin Booth's grave in Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Cambridge, Mass., is almost always covered with fresh flowers.

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is said to be writing her memoirs; they are not to be published until twenty-five years after her death.

—Mme. Tel Seno, a Japanese lawyer, is said to be the only feminine member of the Bar in the land of the Mikado. She was educated in this country.

—In his "Reminiscences of Dickens," G. A. Sala says that the novelist had an almost morbid fondness for talking to police officials, and he often entertained them at his home.

—A pedestal and bust have been placed over the grave of the late Charles Bradlaugh, at Brookwood, England, and three hundred members of the National Secular Society were present at the unveiling.

—William Lawrence Poole, of New Orleans, is said to be the oldest editor in the country. He is now eighty-nine years of age. He was born in Portland, Me., drifted South, and in 1823 established the Cheraw (S. C.) "Intelligencer." He bought the "Charleston City Gazette" to fight the "nullification" doctrine, and then went to New Orleans, where he was connected with several papers.

—Daniel Colladon, who has just died in Switzerland, was the first man to apply compressed air to the transmission of force. In 1841 he first applied the results of his observations upon the properties of liquids, in carrying luminous waves projected at their source, and at the Paris Exposition of 1889 the idea was carried out on a grand scale. Colladon first lit Geneva with gas in 1843, and in 1862 he was asked to illuminate Naples in the same way.

—The newly engaged conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Emil Paur, is described by his friend Eugen Gruenberg, formerly a member of the orchestra and a well-known Boston musician, as a strict disciplinarian and a man of strong, energetic will, able by his overpowering personality to mold his orchestra and carry through his artistic wishes. Mr. Gruenberg also characterizes his conducting as full of fire and swing, but without eccentricity or affectation.

A Remarkable Record

Miss Harriet M. Aspinwall, the only woman permanently employed in the money division of the Dead Letter Office, was appointed from New York by Postmaster-General James in 1881. It is her duty to record, and return to the senders whenever possible, such letters as have been opened and found to contain money. She is required to receipt for all money letters received by her, and is held responsible for them until they are turned over to the mailing division at the close of each day. The records show a complete history of each letter handled, and each can be quickly traced from first treatment to final disposition. If a letter contains the faintest clue to the identify of the writer, it is sent under cover to the postmaster at the mailing office, together with careful instructions as to the delivery of it. About ninety-five per cent. are delivered by this means.

The largest amount she has yet found in a single letter is $1,000, but a letter containing a cent receives the same attention, and equal effort is made to discover the owner. About $50,000 in money is restored to the senders of letters each year, and the accounts are kept so accurately that in all the period of this woman's service not a cent of the thousands passing through her hands has failed to be properly accounted for. Never since her appointment has she failed to report for duty at nine o'clock, save once, when an accident caused her to be delayed eight minutes; nor has she lost an hour on account of illness in ten years. It is believed this record cannot be equaled in the entire department. This lady has been twice promoted; her present salary is $1,200.—*Our Post-Office.*

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Harmless as Pure Water.
Fragrant as Sweet Flowers.
Sample Vial Free. Price, 25c.

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Pimples, blotches and eruptions completely vanish before a steady use of

Beecham's Pills

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(Tasteless)
and health again glows in the pure skin and clear complexion.

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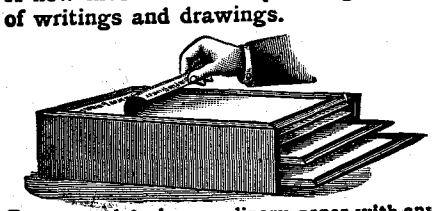

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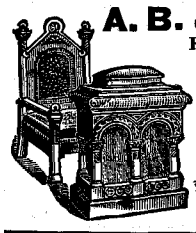

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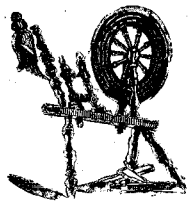

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announce that this week they remove their business to No. 14 W. 23d St. (opposite 5th Ave. Hotel), where they will devote the entire building to the needs of their increasing trade, and hope, through their greater facilities and careful consideration of the wants and interests of their customers, to merit their continued patronage.

Several departments will be considerably enlarged, and some new lines of goods will be added to their stock; in every instance their principle of handling only thoroughly reliable goods will be strictly adhered to.

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"ANOTHER MELLIN'S FOOD BOY."

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Mellin's Food

THE BEST FOOD

For Hand-fed Infants, Invalids, Convalescents, Dyspeptics, and the Aged.

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"Two dozen full-page advertisements have a position there by order of an advertising agent who *controls patronage because he knows how to make and place an advertisement.* . . .

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"To some he would have *added double drawing power without adding a penny to the cost.*"

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Chicago & Great Western R.R.	Baltimore & Ohio R.R.
Overman Wheel Co.	Northern Pacific R.R.
Michigan Central R.R.	Canadian Pacific R.R. [Inset.]
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Published by the celebrated Health Food Co., telling all about their different brands of Cereal Products. It is interesting and full of useful information to housekeepers or others who are interested in the health of their families.

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